

# CHANDAMAMA

AUGUST 1995

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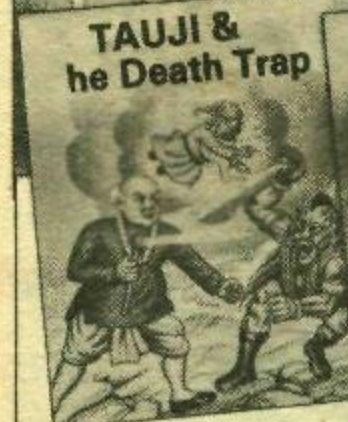
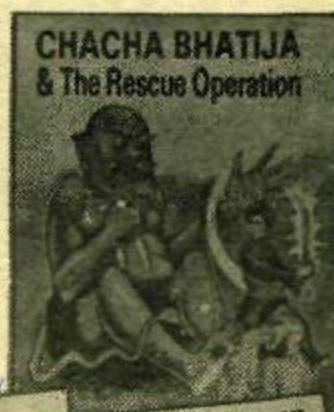
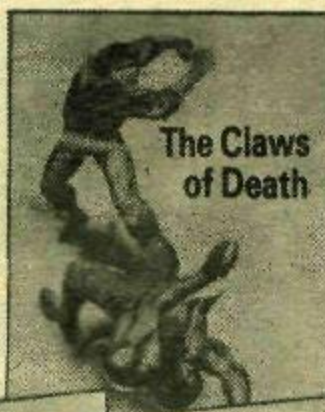
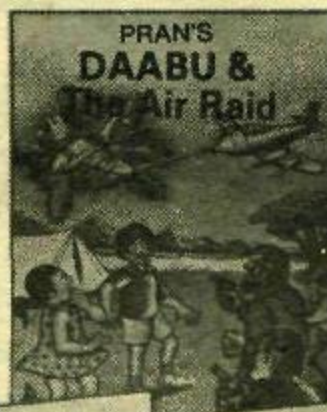
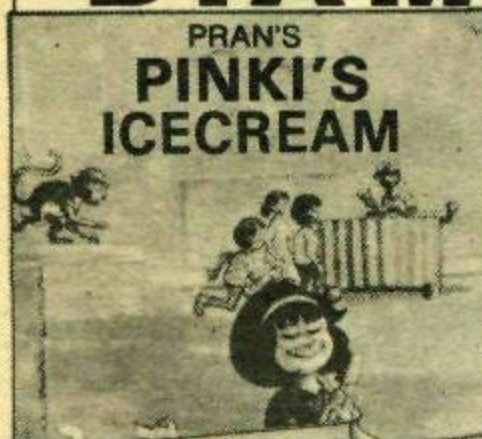
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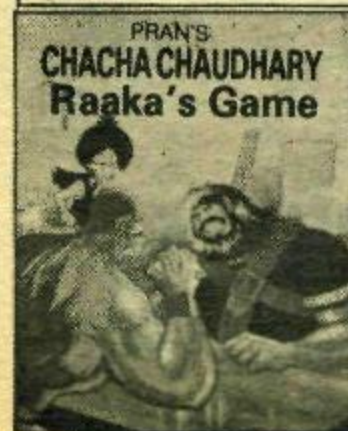
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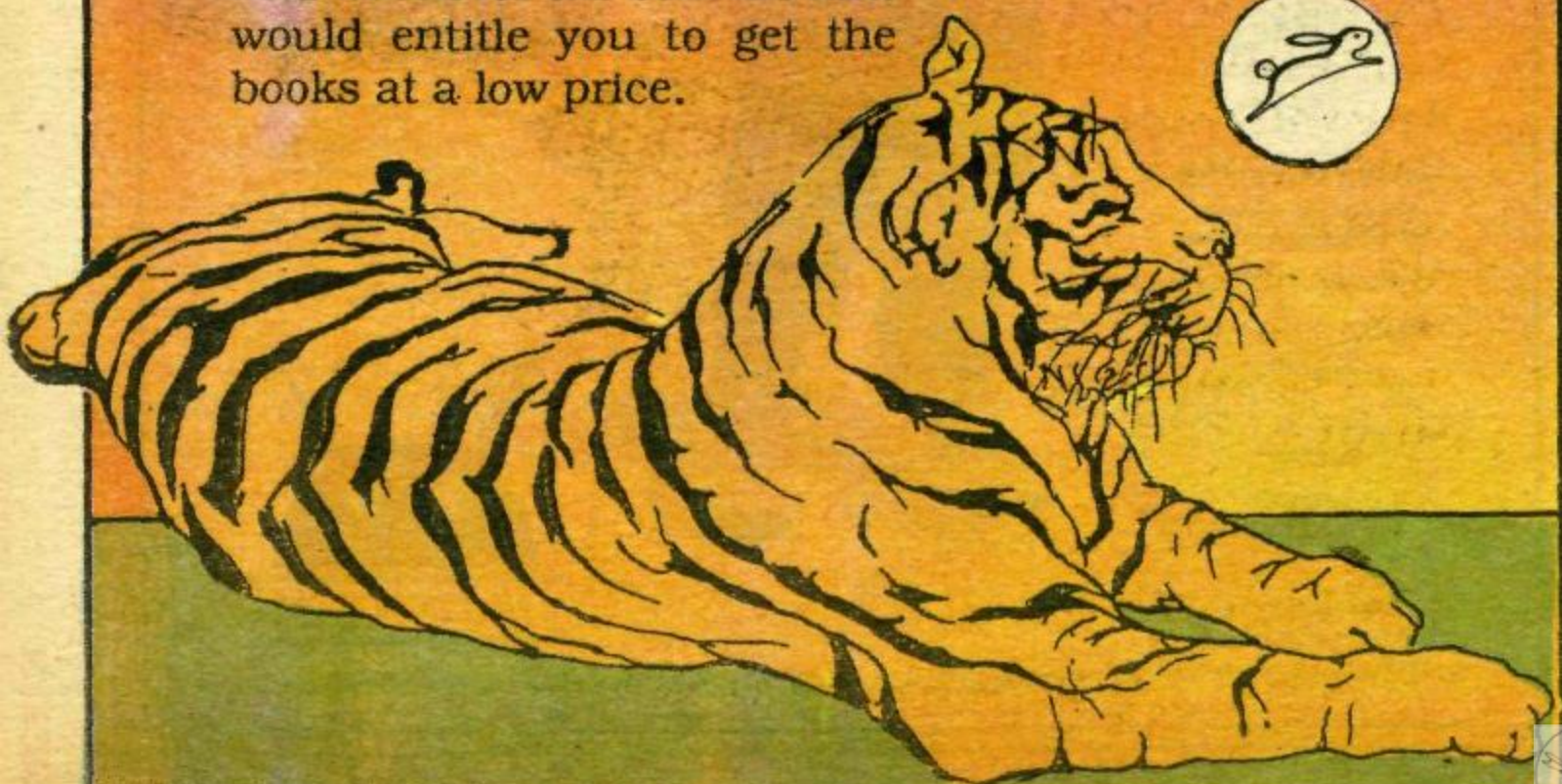


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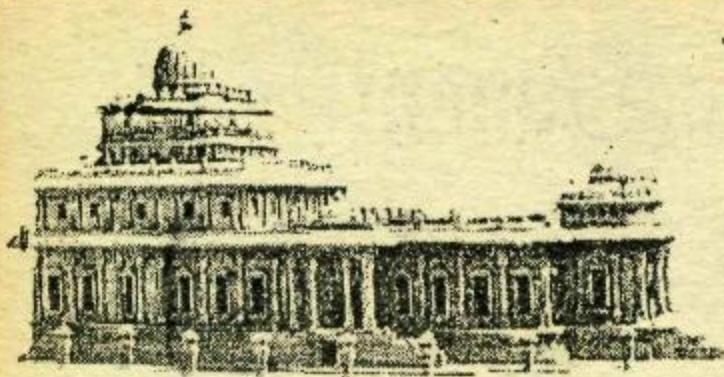


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Designed to accommodate about 1,000 devotees for prayer and meditation, the proposed Temple will combine the distinct characteristics of Ramakrishna temples with traditional South Indian architecture. To be built in granite, the temple is estimated to cost Rs. 4 crores.

The foundation for the temple was laid by Srimat Swami Bhuteshanandaji Maharaj, President of the Ramakrishna Order, on 1 December 1994.

The construction work has begun.

A holy undertaking of this type and magnitude requires the goodwill and support of all the enlightened members of society.

We invite you to participate in this noble project.

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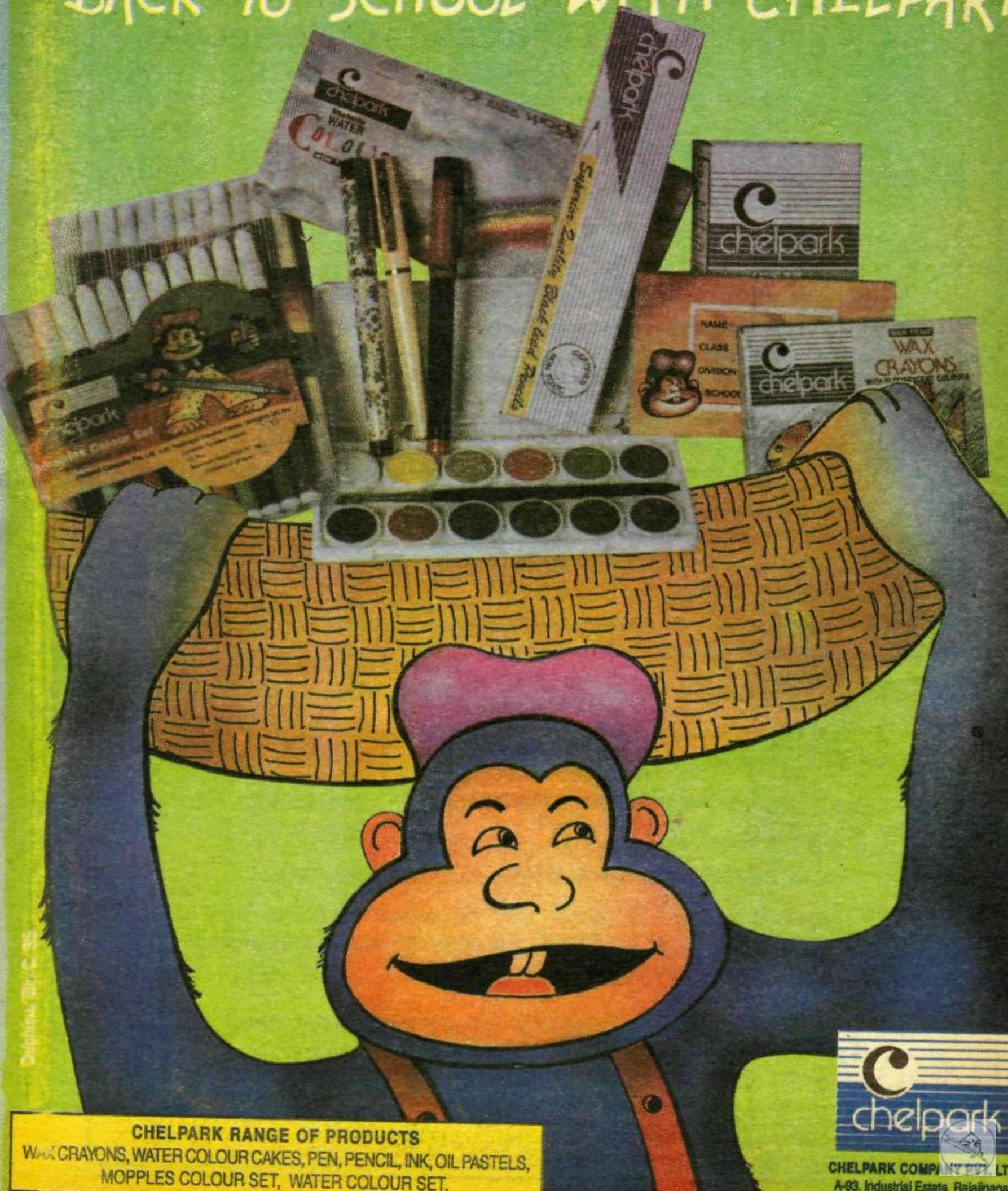
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*Swami Gautamananda*  
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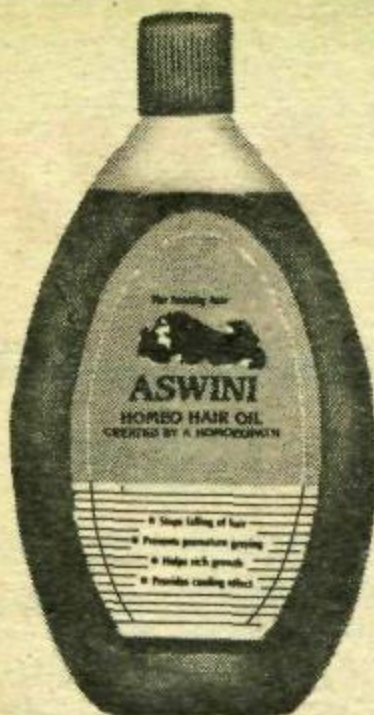


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# CHANDAMAMA

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## NEXT ISSUE

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**SEVEN VOYAGES OF SINDBAD :** The third voyage proves more horrendous than the earlier ones. Wherever their ship touches, Sindbad and his companions make good business. So, when they go into an island, they are all in a mood to relax. There is a huge palace – in fact they do not see any other building – and they enter it, only to see bones of human beings in a heap in several rooms. Before they can hurry out of the palace, there comes an ogre. He looks fearful. He finds the captain of the ship near to him; the monster catches hold of him and thrusts a red-hot spear through him. Meanwhile, their ship is taken away by the monster's men. One by one they become a prey to the ogre. One day, the ten survivors kill the monster and make good their escape. They reach an island where one of them is swallowed by a snake as long as a palm! How does Sindbad and the other eight escape?

**LAUGHTER CAN BE A CURE :** Appadurai is a lame, but he is not modest and poses as if he knows everything, and brags about his knowledge. But he often becomes the butt end of ridicule and so is angry with everybody. In the way he walks evokes laughter, his temper is often a talking point with the villagers. One day, Manickam sends for him. His cousin can be cured of her illness only if she is provoked to laugh. Can he show her how he walks? Appadurai stomps out. The story does not end there!

**PLUS** another story from the **MAHABHARATA**, besides the pull-out **FORTS OF INDIA**, and the comics serial **PANCHATANTRA**.

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Founder  
CHAKRAPANI



Controlling Editor :  
NAGI REDDI

## SPORTS IN CLASSROOMS

Think of sports and games, and it is the open playground that comes to one's mind immediately. Of course, these days one also hears of indoor stadium, indoor games, and even athletics held under a roof. But have sports now entered classrooms, too? What is intended by the heading, which might have caused some curiosity in the reader is, we will soon have sports as part of the syllabus of study in schools.

Time-tables normally mention periods allotted for the study of languages, besides subjects like mathematics, history, geography, civics, and science. Some schools have time set apart for art, music, dance, and reading library books. In between, the students are led to the playground to play one game or another, sun or rain not affecting the enthusiasm of the children, because that half-an-hour or forty minutes allow them to forget their text-books and lectures. Now, schools are getting ready to include sports, not only as part of the curriculum, which already it is, but as a subject of study.

A Central Minister announced at Cuttack the other day that a committee constituted for the purpose has recommended inclusion of sports in the syllabus from the next academic year. It will be introduced on an experimental basis in government-run Kendriya Vidyalayas and Navodaya schools, while it will be left to the other schools to follow suit.

While more detail are awaited, one can guess what part of sports and games will be "taught" in the classes. Take for instance a game like football. Students can be told how teams are formed, the position of each player and his function, and the rules of the game, which is not played by one individual player, but by a team which succeeds on teamwork and camaraderie. We hope greater importance will be given to the aspect last mentioned. Sportsmanship is acquired on the field the hard way, but sports introduced in classrooms can help children imbibe this quality even at a young age.

THE DONKEY AND THE JACKAL ENTER THE GARDEN AND EAT TO THEIR HEART'S CONTENT.



HOW HAPPY I FELT NOW! THIS FEAST AND THIS MOONLIGHT!

ONLY ONE THING IS LACKING TO MAKE IT ALL PERFECT. WHAT'S IT?



MUSIC .... CHARMING MUSIC!



YES! YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT HOW CAN WE HAVE IT NOW?



STRANGE, INDEED! DON'T YOU KNOW, YOUR OWN FRIEND IS A RENOWNED MUSICIAN?

I SHALL ENTERTAIN YOU WITH MY MELODIOUS MUSIC.



NO, PLEASE! NOT NOW! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE...



DO YOU DOUBT MY TALENTS?

NO, NO!



NOT, AT ALL! WE'RE TRESPASSERS.

SO?



LOVERS AND THIEVES MUST CARRY ON THEIR AFFAIRS QUIETLY.



THERE'S AN OLD SAYING. ONE WHO SNEEZES WILL NEVER BECOME A SUCCESSFUL THIEF.



Propriety of conduct is the seed of virtue; impropriety will always cause sorrow.

-Thirukkural



I'M AFRAID YOUR VOICE  
WILL BE TOO LOUD FOR  
THIS TIME AND PLACE.



DON'T BE SILLY! YOU'VE NO  
EAR FOR GOOD MUSIC.



FORGET ABOUT MY  
TASTES. IT'S DANGER-  
OUS TO GIVE YOUR  
PERFORMANCE NOW.



IT MAY WAKE UP THE  
FARMERS.



NO, I CAN'T BE STOPPED.  
THIS MOONLIGHT IN-  
SPIRES ME.



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT,  
BUT WAIT FOR A FEW  
SECONDS.



WAIT TILL I REACH A SPOT  
FROM WHERE I CAN SEE  
WHETHER THE FARMERS  
ARE COMING.



LET ME RUN TO A SAFE  
SPOT.



NOW I'M SAFE.



BRAGAHAHAH...!



HOW DISTRESSING! GOD  
HELP HIM!



BRAGAHAHAH!



**What is the advantage of extensive and accurate knowledge if a man, through covetousness, acts senselessly towards all?**



ON HEARING THE BRAYING  
OF THE DONKEY, THE  
FARMERS WAKE UP.

A DONKEY. LET'S GO AND  
BEAT IT!

THEY BEAT HIM WITH  
STOUT STICKS.

BRAGAAHAAH!

WHAT'S THAT?



THEY TIE A BIG STONE  
TO HIS NECK AND LEAVE  
THE PLACE. THE JACKAL  
APPROACHES HIS  
FRIEND.

MY DEAR GARV! YOUR PER-  
FORMANCE WAS SUPERB.

DID THE FARMERS  
HONOUR YOU WITH THAT  
MEMENTO HANGING FROM  
YOUR NECK?

THEY'RE FOOLS! THEY  
CAN'T APPRECIATE GOOD  
MUSIC.



THE GOLD-FINDER CON-  
CLUDES THE STORY THUS.

THEREFORE, ONE SHOULD  
HEED A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

YOU DIDN'T HEED MY  
ADVICE AND YOUR GREED  
GOADED YOU ON TO THIS  
MISERABLE CONDITION.

THAT REMINDS ME OF A  
STORY.

TELL ME!



**Loss and gain come not without cause; it is the  
ornament of the wise to preserve a balance of mind.**

ONCE THERE LIVED FOUR FRIENDS IN A CITY. THREE OF THEM WERE GREAT SCHOLARS, BUT THEY LACKED COMMONSENSE.



THE FOURTH WAS NOT A SCHOLAR, BUT HAD SOUND COMMONSENSE.

ONE DAY...  
WHAT GOOD IS OUR SCHOLARSHIP WHEN IT'S NOT PUT TO ANY USE?

WE'VE EARNED NEITHER WEALTH NOR FAME.



LET'S LEAVE THIS CITY AND TRAVEL TO FOREIGN LANDS.



SO, THE FOUR FRIENDS SET OUT ON THEIR JOURNEY.



AFTER SOME TIME, THEY REACH A FOREST.



BEHOLD! THEY'RE BONES!

I'M SURE THEY BELONG TO A DEAD LION.



RIGHT! LET'S NOW PUT TO TEST OUR KNOWLEDGE AND BRING IT BACK TO LIFE.



NOW I SHALL START MY MANTRA.



STOP! PRAY, LISTEN TO ME, MY FRIEND.

WILL YOU SHUT UP! WE'RE IN NO MOOD TO HEAR THE WORDS OF A FOOL!

**Never forget a benefit you have received; it is good to forget an injury inflicted by another.**



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## DELAYING TACTICS

**From which language is the word 'procrastination' derived? What is its correct meaning?**

**- M. Satyanarayana Rao, Kurnool**

The act or habit of putting off doing something to a later date is called procrastination. In Latin, *cras* means tomorrow, *crastinus*, of tomorrow, and *pro* onward. We often hear elders advise children : "Don't put off till tomorrow what you should be doing today." The habit is also known as dilatoriness. By not being prompt, one may even lose a golden opportunity.



**Who is a 'pastmaster'?**

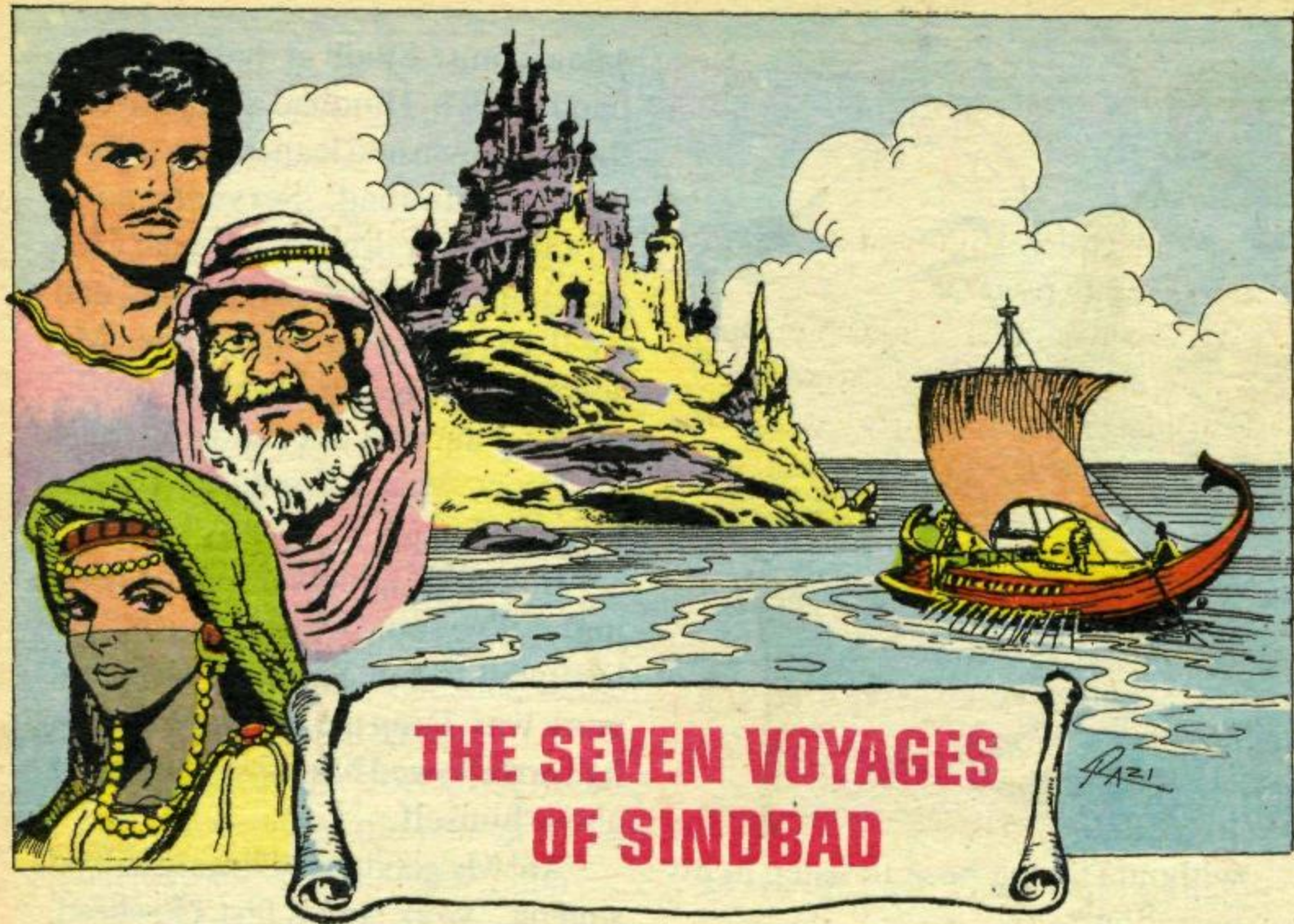
**- Jyotiranjana Biswal, Dhenkanal, Orissa**

One who has passed as a master is a passed master, a qualified, or accomplished master; therefore, a thorough, proficient person or, shall we say, a *pastmaster*? "He is a pastmaster **at** chess" (note the preposition) will mean a person thoroughly experienced in that game (or a profession, art, etc.). The feminine form is *pastmistress*. "She is a pastmistress **of** the art of singing Rabindrasangeet."

**Which is correct - Rs. 5 crores (Rs. 5 lakhs) or Rs. 5 crore (Rs. 5 lakh)? I find both usages common.**

**- Adrish Manna, Sonarpur, W. Bengal**

The correct expression is 5 (five) crores of rupees; however, when 'rupees' is abbreviated and prefixed, it will be more correct to say Rs. 5 crore, just as you will say Rs. 10 thousand (and not thousands). It is always \$10 million (not millions) to mean 10 million dollars. Both 'crore' and 'lakh' are Indian denominations. Be careful in using commas : Rs. 10,000/ Rs. 1,00,000 (not Rs. 100,000) (to denote lakh) / Rs. 1,00,00,000 (to denote crore). However, numerals used for people (also size of areas, distances, measures) are written as 100,000 (not 1,00,000) to mean a lakh of people (correctly spelled out as hundred thousand), or as 1,000,000 (million).



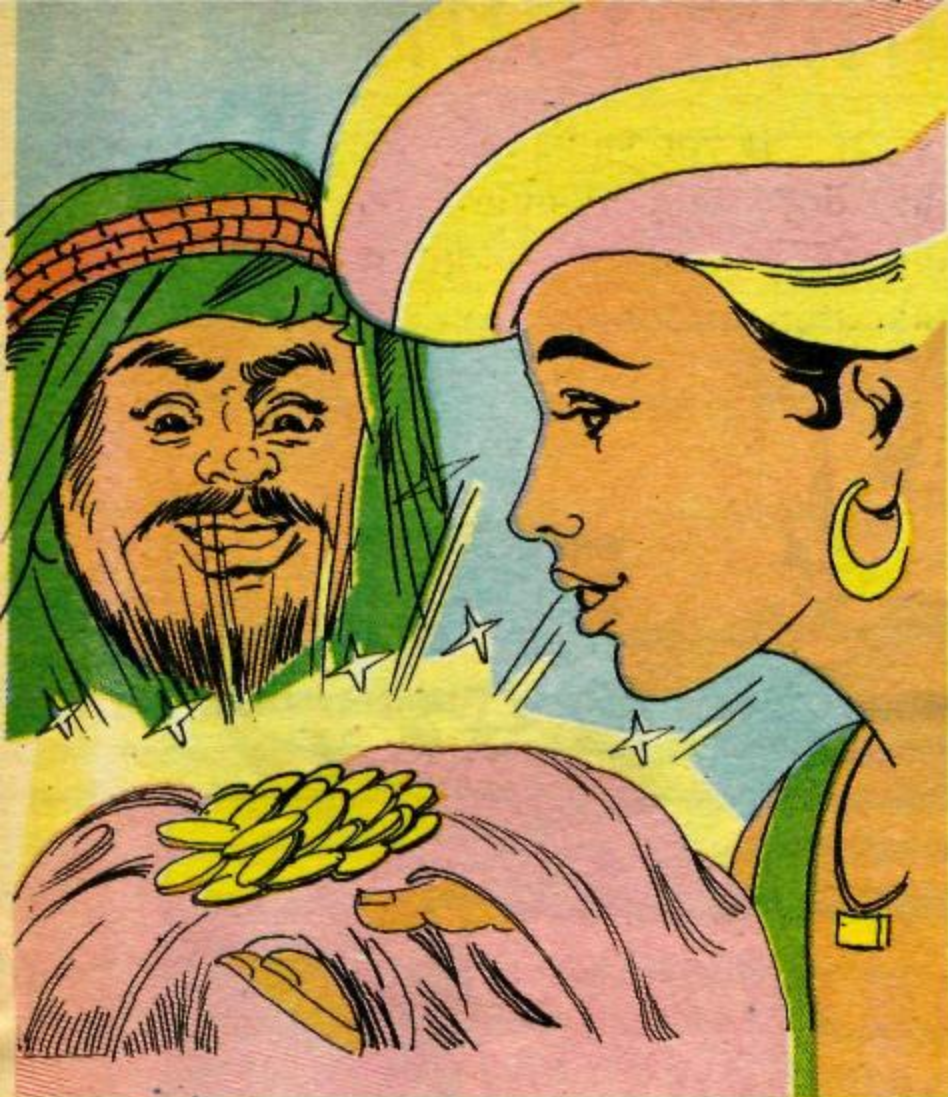
**H**indbad the porter awoke and sat up on his feather-soft bed. He took some time to realise where he was. He was in the palatial mansion of Sindbad the sailor, who had not only feted him in the company of his friends, but had even prompted him to stay back and listen to a narration of his adventures.

And by the time Sindbad had finished telling him about his first voyage, it was time to retire for the day. Sindbad's servants had escorted Hindbad to a room and made

him comfortable. After several days, he enjoyed a good night's rest. Hindbad remembered that he had reached Sindbad's place carrying a sack from his master to be delivered to a trader elsewhere. He was also supposed to obtain a receipt for the goods delivered and give it to his master. But the sack was yet to be delivered! What would his master think of him if he did not return with the receipt? Would Sindbad allow him to complete his job? Would he be angry if he were to go away

### 3. THE SECOND VOYAGE





without staying back to listen to his narration?

The porter was in a dilemma. Before he could think of a way out and at the same time please Sindbad, two servants went to him with a fresh set of clothes for him to wear. "Our master would meet you as soon as you are ready," one of them said. Hindbad did not waste any time, but soon got ready and traced his way to the portico where he found Sindbad waiting for him.

"Ah! I find you've had a good night's rest and you appear quite refreshed," Sindbad greeted Hindbad, who was bowing low and

salaam-ing. Sindbad held out his hand which Hindbad clasped and then sat down and leaned on a pillow next to Sindbad. Servants soon brought them drinks and eats. "I'm expecting more of my friends and we'll have an enjoyable time. My second voyage was more astonishing than the first one, and you must all know what adventures I went through."

"But, sir..," Hindbad began falteringly, "I've some work to finish." He hesitated to tell Sindbad what that work was. Even the previous day, he had not allowed him to say anything about himself.

"Ah! My good friend!" said Sindbad smiling. "Work comes first. Go ahead, but come back soon, earlier than evening. That's the time I am expecting all our friends to assemble."

Hindbad noticed the way Sindbad used the expression "our friends". That meant, he had formally been taken in as a friend of the famous sailor. "I shall come back soon, for, I would not like to miss your narration."

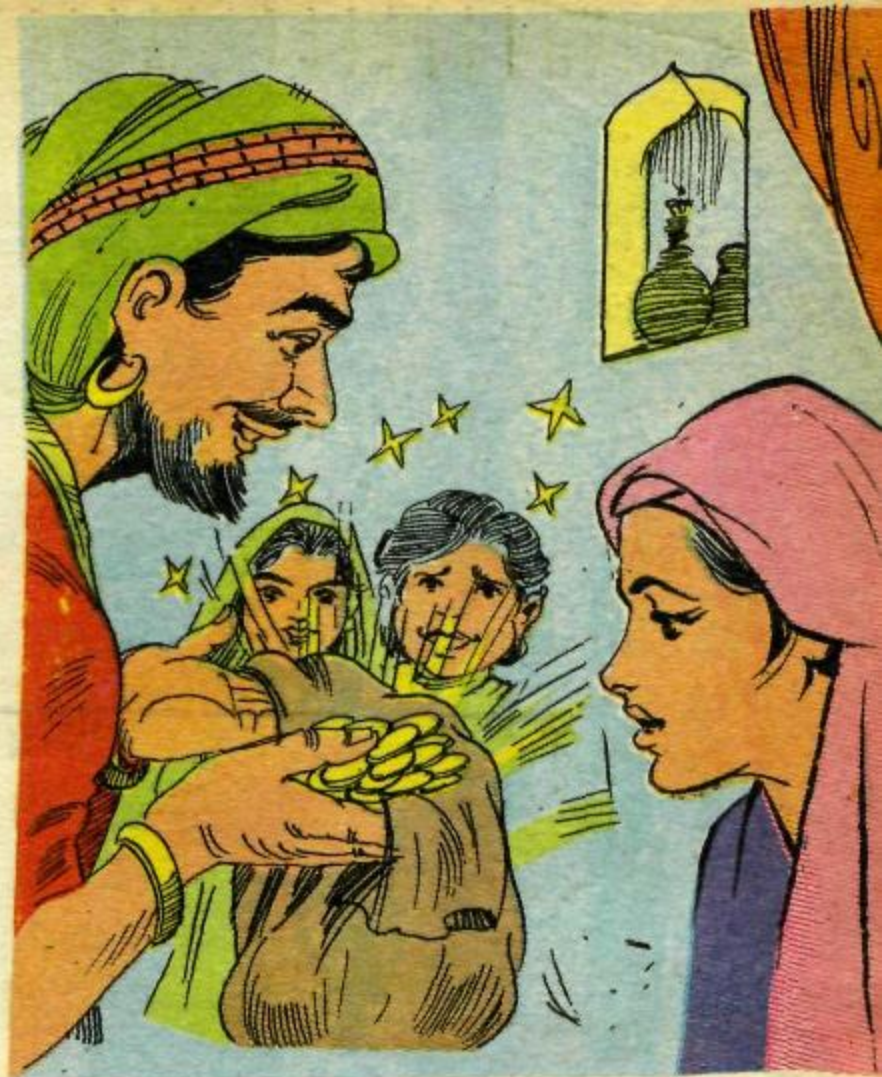
As he stood up, Sindbad asked him to tarry awhile. He pulled out a small velvet bag which had been tied with a tassel and gave it to Hindbad. "A token of our newfound friendship!"

Hindbad salaam-ed him again before he proceeded to the gate. The two gate-keepers were on duty and they bowed low to their master's new friend. The one outside the gate reminded him: "Sir, your sack! May I help you?" He heaved it on to Hindbad's shoulders and went back to his post.

Hindbad that day did not feel the weight of the sack. He hurried to the place where he had to deliver it, took hold of the receipt, and went back to his master, light-hearted and light on the shoulders.

Though irritated because Hindbad had not brought the receipt to him earlier, the master was happy. "I waited for you the whole morning, and there were two sacks to be delivered. I had to send them with someone else. Now, I'll have work for you only tomorrow."

The porter accepted his wages and bowed to his master and went his way, without telling him that he might not turn up for work till he spent all the coins that Sindbad had given him. When he reached home, he found his wife and their two little children anxiously waiting for him. He told them about his new friend and handed the velvet bag to his wife asking her to spend the money



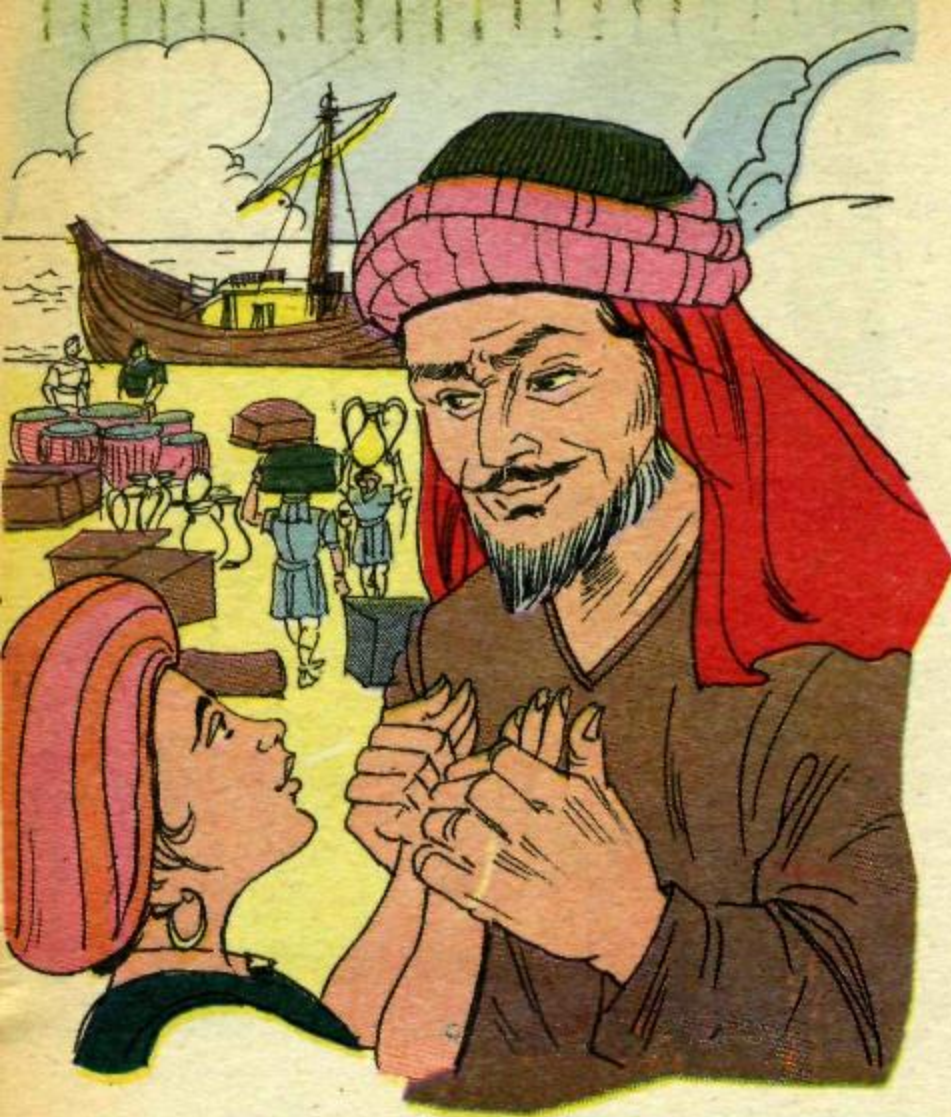
as she pleased. There was not much time to lose before he hurried back to Sindbad's residence. He changed into the best of clothes he had at home and hastened to his friend's place, where he was not very late. Sindbad's friends had already arrived and food was about to be served. While they all ate and drank, Sindbad said: "Friends, I'm sure you all would like to hear of the adventures that I went through during my second voyage!"

"Of course, Sindbad!" they cried in unison.

"Then, listen," said Sindbad.

★ ★ ★





The very next day of his return from his first voyage, Sindbad roamed the crowded seaside in search of the owner of the ship on which he had travelled. Luckily he soon found him. "I'm Sindbad..."

Before he said anything more, the old man caught hold of the young hands with a beaming face. "Of course, I remember you! You joined my ship at the last moment, but seem to have had more adventures than the others! Be that as it may, did you sell everything that you took?"

Sindbad told him how the ship sailed without him and how he later came upon his merchandise lying

on the seashore of a faraway country, how he made a gift of some of the items to King Himrage, and how the king had sent him back with a bagful of gold coins.

"You were kind enough to permit me to go on board without paying you any rent in advance, sir," he recalled with gratitude. "I shall pay you if you would tell me how much I owe you, sir."

"I told you, your father was a good friend of mine," said the ship-owner, patting the boy's hand, "and I had decided not to take anything from you—at least for your first voyage—and you're young, too. But you've shown maturity by offering to pay me. Business is business, and so I shall accept something from you only if you intend going again and gain more experience and acquire more wealth!"

"That's my intention, sir," said Sindbad. "In fact, you may please tell me when the ship will sail again and I shall get ready to catch it."

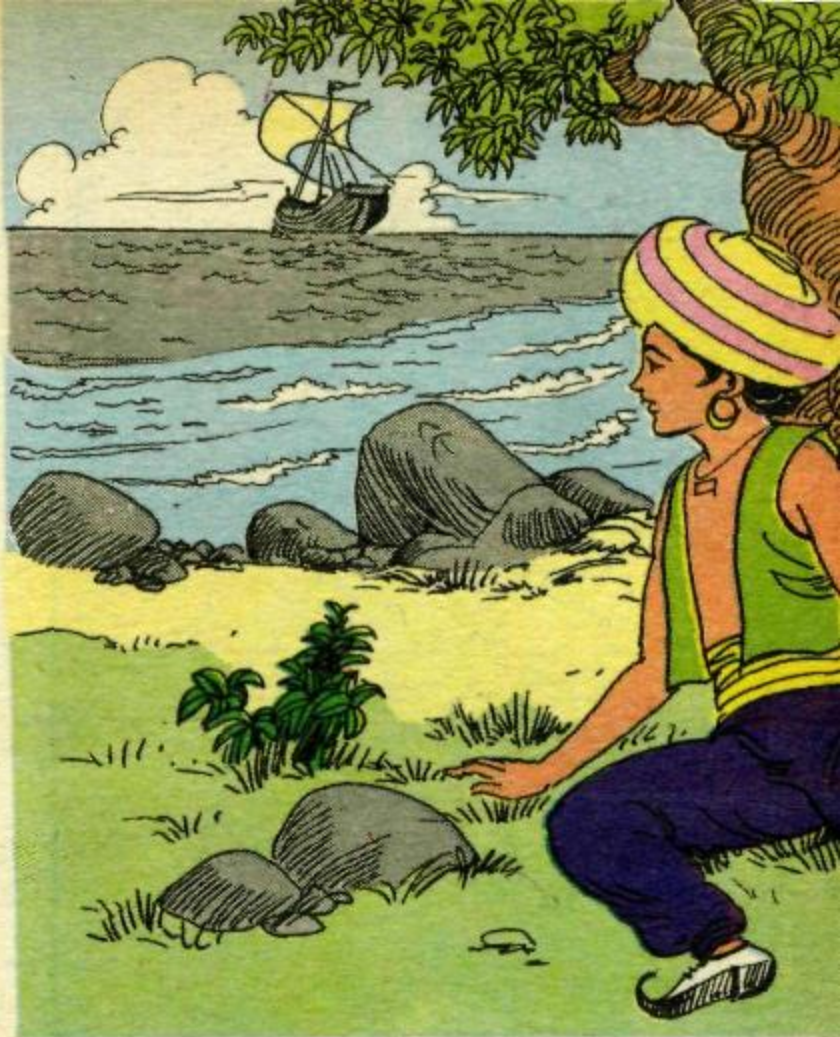
"That's the right spirit, my boy!" the ship-owner complimented Sindbad. "You may then pay me a hundred coins—fifty for the first trip, and fifty for the trip you're to go on. Take as much merchandise as you can. I wish you greater profits in

this voyage!"

Sindbad paid him hundred coins and then hurried to make his purchases for the voyage. He selected such merchandise as would meet with demand in the countries he would go. He took two days for buying these things and packing them into bundles; on the third day, he took them to the seashore to be carried to the ship. At the seaside he met some of the traders who were on the ship during the earlier voyage; there were a few others who were strangers to him. They were all surprised to find a youngster in their company posing as an experienced trader. They befriended him. The loading went on for one more day.

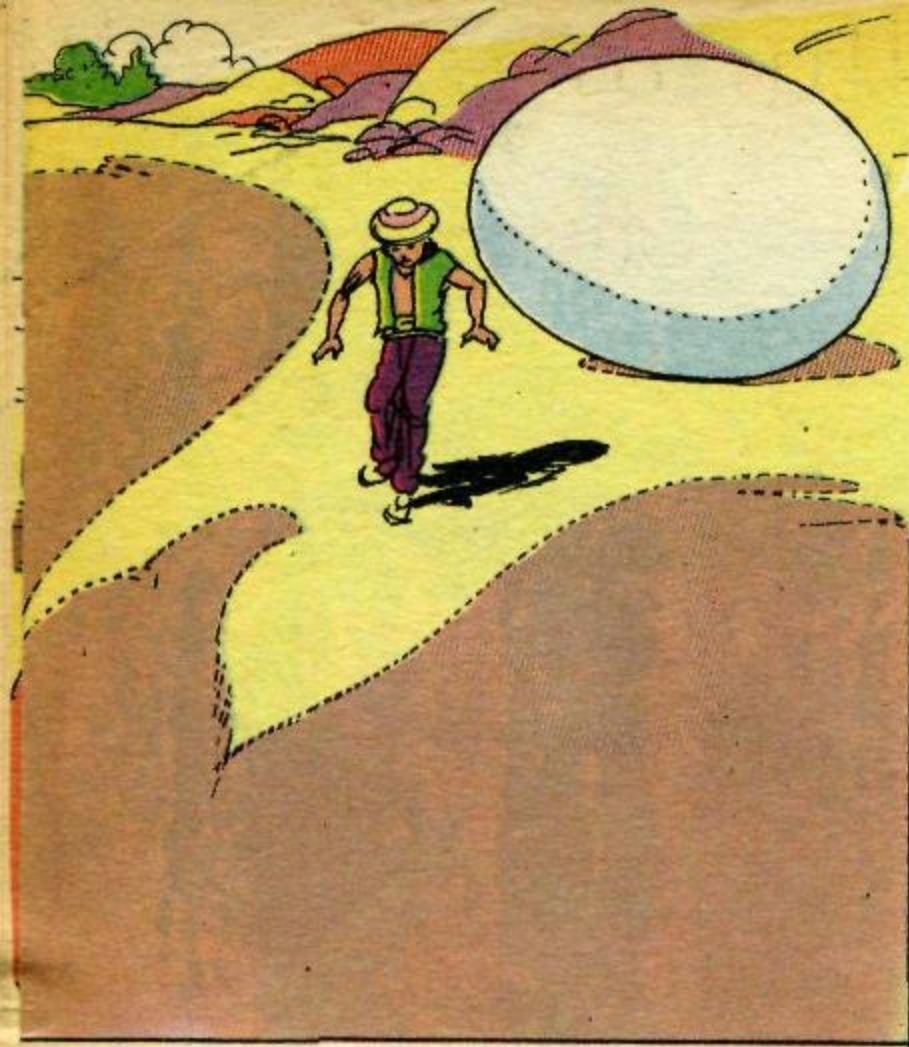
On the fifth day, they all assembled at the seaside waiting for a favourable wind to set sail. For two full days they sailed without seeing land. Then they came upon an island. From a distance they could see that the place abounded in trees, fruits, flowers. The captain of the ship was a jolly good fellow, and he agreed to the suggestion from his passengers that they spent some time on the island picking fruits and collecting water.

While all of them wandered about on the island, Sindbad searched for a shaded place and sat beneath a



huge tree enjoying the packet of food that he had carried with him to the island. There was a brook close by and he drank its clear cool water. The murmuring waves soon lulled him to sleep.

When he woke up—he did not know for how long he had slept—he first noticed that his ship had moved farther away from the place where it had laid anchor. He looked here and there on the island, but none of his companions was there. How could they leave without him? Didn't they take a count of themselves before they got into the boat to go back to the ship? As he himself could not



think of the answers, he came to the conclusion that he had once again been left alone—alone on a deserted island.

Sindbad wanted to make sure that the island was really deserted. Instead of wandering aimlessly, he thought he would climb a tree and go as high as possible so that he could scan the vast horizon and see what kind of help he could get or how he would escape from the island. He climbed up and up and reached the pinnacle of the tallest tree he could spot where he had rested. He looked in all directions. No, there was no single human be-

ing, and no houses or buildings. But at a distance he saw something white and round. He looked at it for a longer time. Was it a wall? No. Could there be wall with a smooth curve? Was it a huge white ball? But a ball is normally round, but this one was not so round. One side was rather pointed. He decided, there was no point in remaining on the tree to figure out what kind of object it was. He would climb down, go to it, and thoroughly examine it from all sides.

When he went near the white ball, he realised he was looking puny beside it. He went round the object and counted the number of steps he took—more than a hundred to take a full circle. And strangely, there was no opening—like a door or a window. What then could it be? Would there be an opening at the top? But he had not seen any opening as he looked at it from the treetop.

Suddenly, a huge shadow fell over him, as if the clouds had descended on the earth. It was not yet sunset time, because only a while ago he had seen the bright sun descending on the horizon. By now it was quite dark around him and he heard the flapping of wings. He saw that it was a huge bird; he could only see



its long legs. He had heard sailors describe such large birds and remembered them mentioning their name—roc—a bird larger than an eagle or a vulture. So, the white object by the side of which he was standing must be a roc egg.

Soon, the bird came down and settled on the egg. Sindbad cowered beneath the egg without making any noise. He guessed that the bird might sit on the egg all through the night and fly away only in the morning. Suddenly, he thought of an idea: he must fly with the bird! He pulled out his long turban and tied himself to the bird's leg nearest to him. Luckily, the bird was not alerted. So, when morning came and the bird rose to the skies, Sindbad found himself airborne!

The roc flew and along with it Sindbad, too—till it began descending on an island, actually a valley, where the bird had spotted a serpent. It sat on the snake and caught hold of its head in its beak. Sindbad quickly untied himself from the roc, for, by now it had begun to stamp on the serpent. He moved away from the bird and the serpent. When he turned round after he had gone some distance, he saw the bird flying away with the dead serpent entwined in



its fierce claws.

Sindbad now wondered which way to turn or where to go. It was a valley, and surrounded by high rising mountains. Except for some equally tall trees, he could not see any traces of life around him. However, he proceeded slowly and cautiously. There was no way climbing the mountains as they were quite steep. He decided to search for a way out of the valley.

As he walked, tired and forlorn, he saw something sparkling at a distance. He moved closer and soon came upon a cluster of diamonds strewn all over the ground. When he

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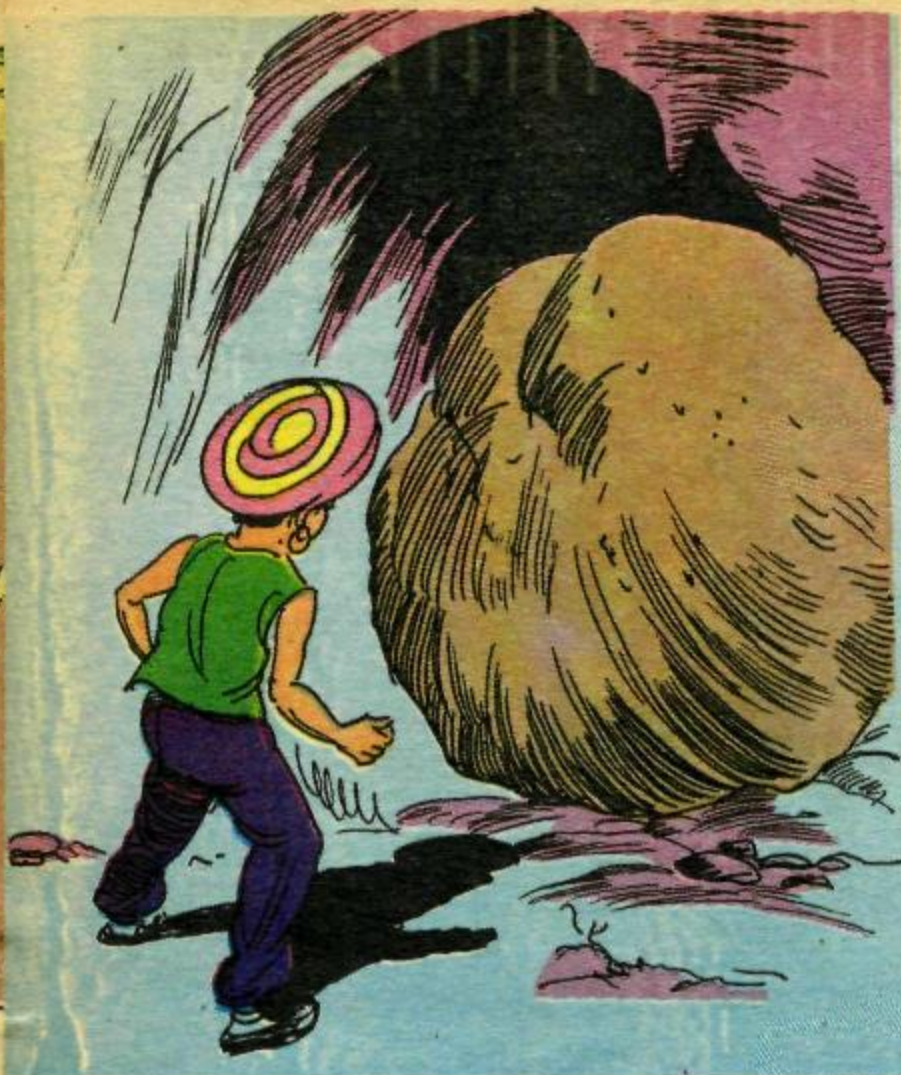
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As he walked, tired and forlorn, he saw something sparkling at a distance. He moved closer and soon came upon a cluster of diamonds strewn all over the ground. When he



picked up one to examine it closely and find out whether it was really a diamond or something else, he heard hissing sounds. He turned round and was horrified to see fearsome snakes crawling out of small caverns. He soon found out that they were not guarding the diamonds as such, but had come out because it was dark by then. The sun had set long, long ago. Fortunately, they did not harm him. But he did not want to take any risk. So, he went into one of the large-sized caves, as there were no snakes around it or inside. He went in and closed the mouth of the cavern with a rock that he could move, though

with some difficulty.

Sleep would not come to Sindbad. He waited for the day to break. When he saw sunlight peeping through the mouth of the cave, he pushed the heavy stone to one side and came out of the cave. He now saw only the glittering gems. The hideous looking snakes must have slid back into the caverns, he surmised. There was no point in collecting whatever diamonds he needed. Where and when would he be able to take them? The mountain sides were steep and rocky, and climbing them was just out of the question.

So, he went and sat on a rock eyeing the skies, hoping that something would happen, and happen soon, too. The warmth of the sun and a sleepless night made him sleepy, but there was no way lying on the rock he was sitting or lying down on the diamonds, which to him at that moment were useless.

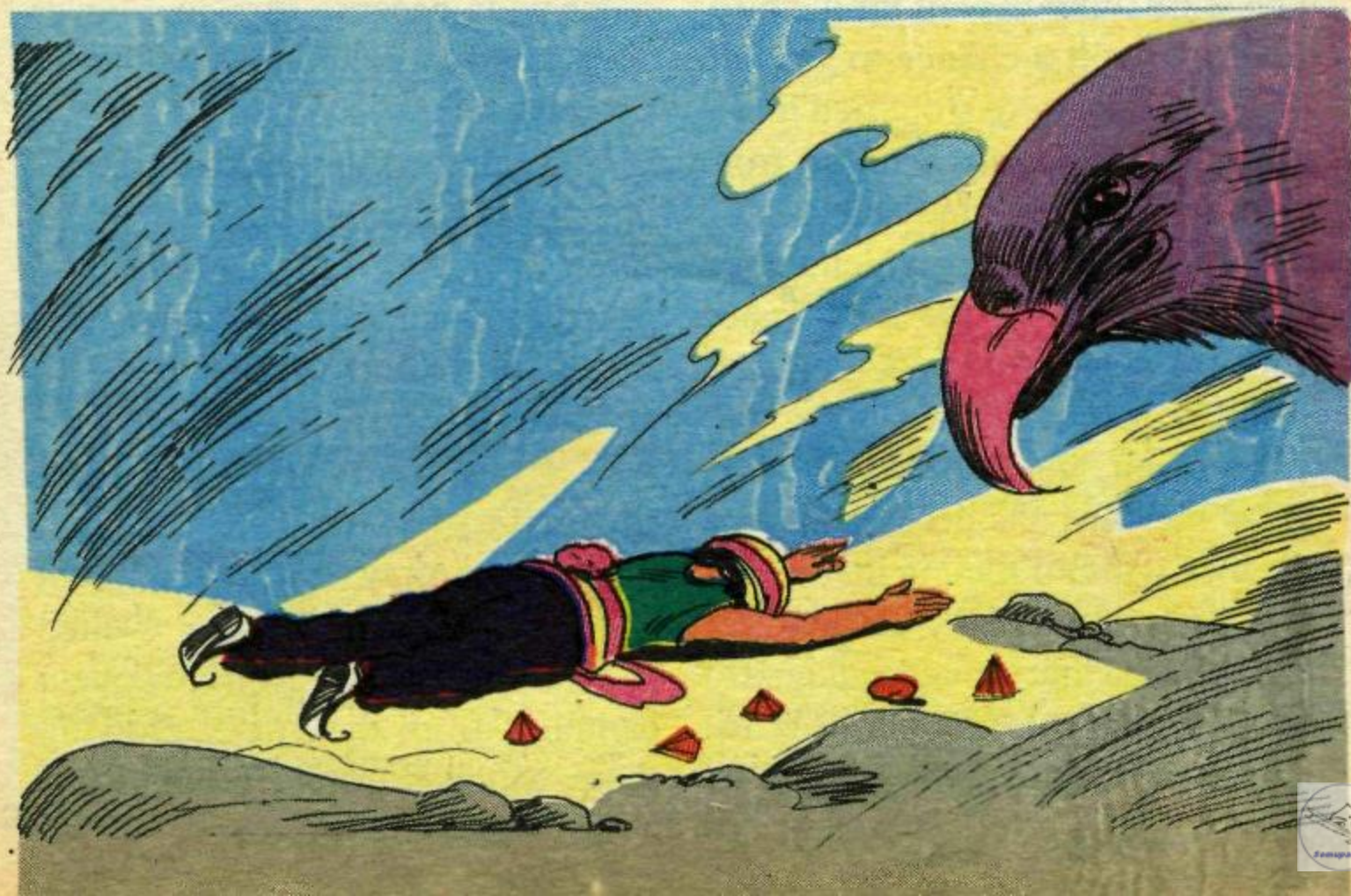
Suddenly, he heard a 'thud'. What was it? Sindbad looked around. Another 'thud'! One more. Yet another! Something fell down; in fact, it was being thrown from a cliff that was not very high. He picked up one that fell near where he was sitting. A piece of fresh meat! Before he knew what was happening, he saw two or

three eagles swooping down and picking up the fresh meat pieces with their beaks. As they flew away with the meat, up went two or three diamonds stuck with each meat piece!

Sindbad then remembered the tales of cunning people who were aware of this Valley of Diamonds and who devised clever methods to get at the diamonds without climbing down the near perpendicular cliffs. When the eagles went back and settled down in their nests to feed their young ones with the meat, they would slowly make their appearance, and scare the big birds away, so that they could reach the

nests and pull out the diamonds!

Very clever of them, thought Sindbad. Now another thought struck him. Could he find a means of escape and prove cleverer than the people who grabbed the diamonds with the help of a piece of meat? He collected as many diamonds as he could tie at one end of his turban; at the other end he tied a large piece of meat and then wound himself with the turban tight around his waist, and lay on the diamonds flat, face to the ground. The meat piece was at his back. Just as he had expected, a huge bird flew down and, in a swift swoop, caught hold of the meat piece in its beak and





flew towards its nest. But the men who were lying in wait for the bird, did not give it a chance to get into its nest. They were stupefied to see a little human being hanging from its beak. They shouted and created all sorts of loud noises which scared the bird. It let go the meat piece from its beak. And along with it Sindbad, too, fell down.

The men were surprised. How could the bird fly up and all that distance without feeling the weight hanging from its beak? Sindbad got up and found that he had managed to escape with some minor bruises. He did not suffer any injury when he

fell down. The men surrounded him. "Who are you?" one of them asked him. "What were you doing down there in the valley?" asked another. "How did you get there?" queried a third one. "Is there a path to the valley?"

Before answering them, he salaam-ed them and then told them his story. "I hope you all will take pity on me for the sufferings I went through. I know, you are after the diamonds. I've brought enough with me for all of us, but please take me with you so that I can go back to Baghdad one day!" Sindbad pleaded and untied his turban in which he had kept the diamonds. Their eyes went wide because they had never seen so many diamonds together in their life.

They hugged him, and patted him, and praised his courage. Each of the three men took one diamond and asked Sindbad to keep the rest with him. It turned out to be that they, too, were traders from Balsora, not far way from Baghdad. They took Sindbad with them.

Their journey was not without adventures. The merchants wanted to go to the island of Roha to collect camphor from the trees growing there. Sindbad watched them mak-

ing slits on the trunk when out flowed a sap. It was camphor. They could not gather much because soon came an elephant, followed by a rhinoceros. The two had a gruesome fight. The rhinoceros poked the elephant with its horn and the elephant retaliated by hitting the rhino with its tusks. Both fell down bleeding all over. Soon rocs, eagles, and vultures pounced on them and it was a gory sight to see the birds pecking at the wounds sustained by the two animals.

"Hurry up, Sindbad!" the men pulled him away. On reaching Balsora, Sindbad stayed with the eldest of the three merchants. As he waited for a ship to take him to Baghdad, Sindbad went about buying things that he thought would find a market in Baghdad. The merchant gave him a bottle of camphor, which he decided he would give to

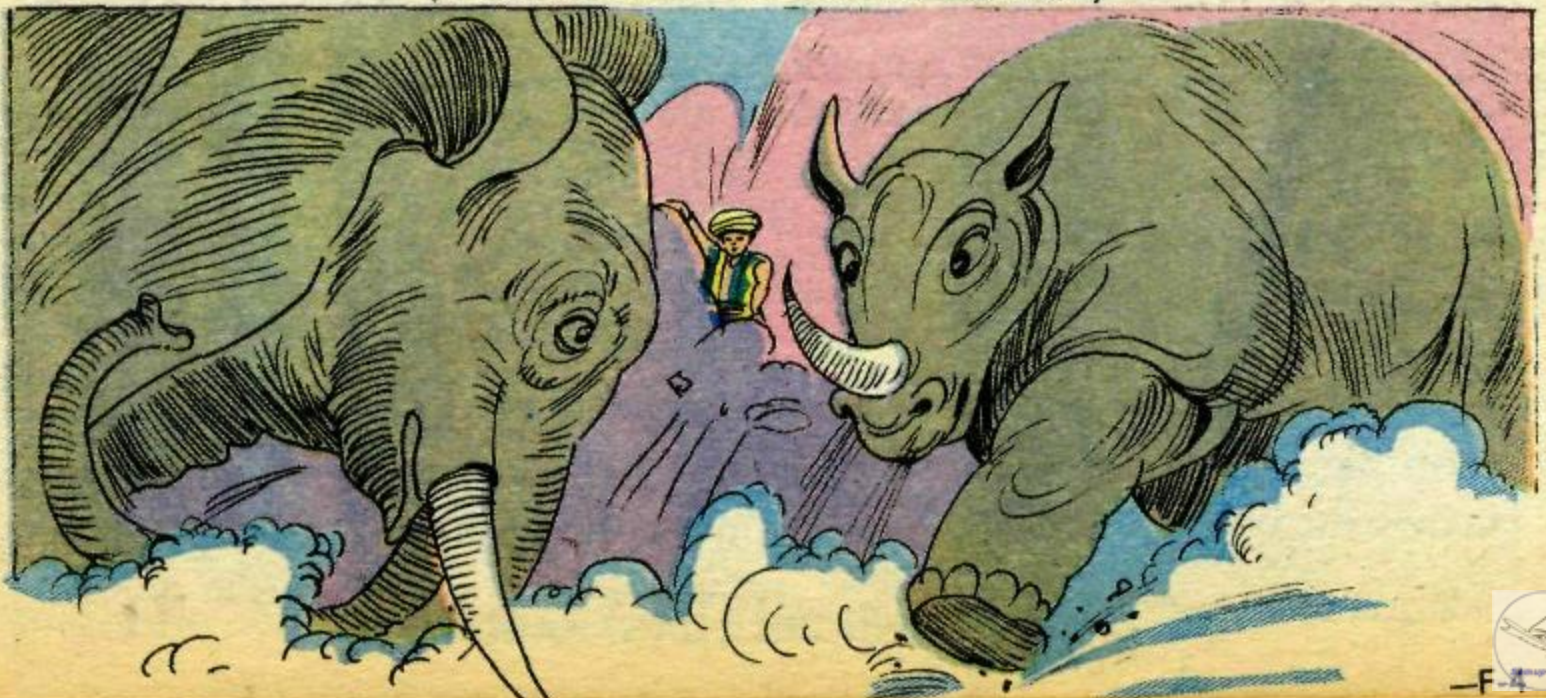
his mother. He gave a diamond in exchange, which the merchant gladly accepted. "That's how business is done among merchants. Nothing is given or taken free, except mutual regard and respect." That was a great lesson for the still young Sindbad.

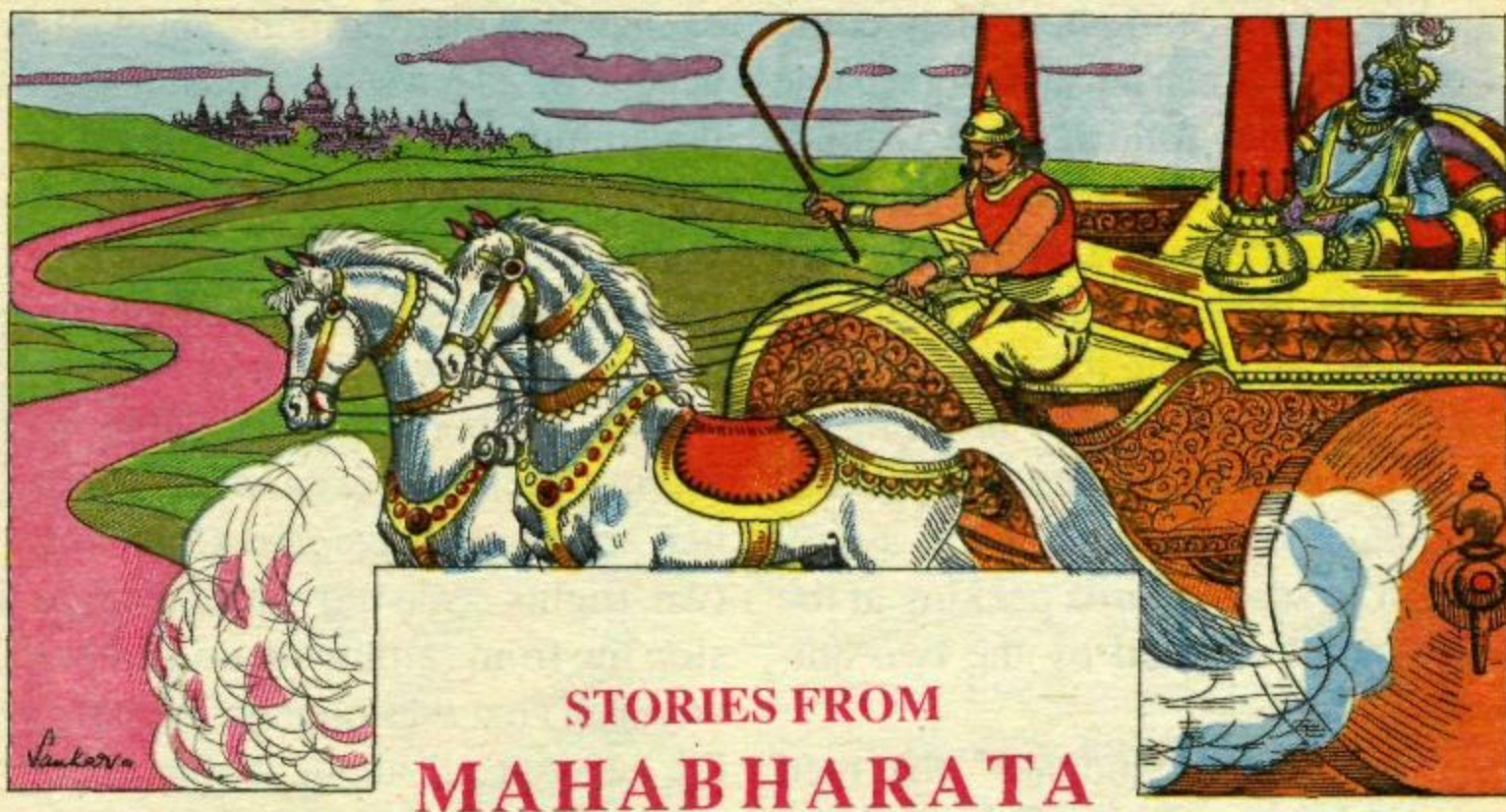
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"My mother was very happy to see me back and even when I told her about my adventures and my two 'flights', she did not attempt to stop me from setting out on another voyage. That was equally exciting. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow when we assemble here again."

Sindbad had a surprise gift for each one of his friends—a tiny little diamond. As he wended his way home, Hindbad the porter every now and then felt the diamond in his pocket. What would he get from Sindbad the next day? he wondered, as he stepped into his house.

(NEXT MONTH: THE THIRD VOYAGE)





## STORIES FROM MAHABHARATA

### **The story so far:**

*After surmounting all the schemes and plots of the Kaurava princes, headed by Duryodhana, the Pandava princes regain their rightful inheritance, when King Dhritarashtra decides he has to divide the Kuru kingdom. The sons of Pandu build a new capital, Indraprastha, on the river Yamuna, and this new kingdom is ruled by Yudhishtira.*

*His brother, Prince Arjuna, along with Sri Krishna, helps Agni, the god of Fire, in consuming a forest and when they spare the life of Maya, the demon-architect, he, out of gratitude, builds a magnificent palace at Indraprastha for the Pandava princes.*

**T**he Pandava princes ruled from Indraprastha in all glory. Many who surrounded Yudhishtira urged him to perform the Rajasuya Yajna, which would earn him the status of the greatest monarch over all the kings of India.

Yudhishtira was willing to perform the Yajna, but he knew that there were obstacles, for, not all the

kings of the land would acknowledge him as Emperor. So, he decided to seek the advice of Sri Krishna.

When Krishna learnt that Yudhishtira was seeking his help, he set out for Indraprastha in a chariot, drawn by his swiftest horses.

Yudhishtira was delighted. He welcomed Krishna, and lost no time

in telling him about the problems that might arise if he decided to perform the great Yajna.

Krishna was inclined to agree that there certainly was one very difficult obstacle. "You should most certainly perform the Yajna," he said, "but Jarasandha, the ambitious King of Magadha, will definitely oppose it, and the only way you can overcome his opposition is to defeat and kill him. Then, and only then, will all the monarchs, especially those who languish in Jarasandha's prisons, accept your supremacy."

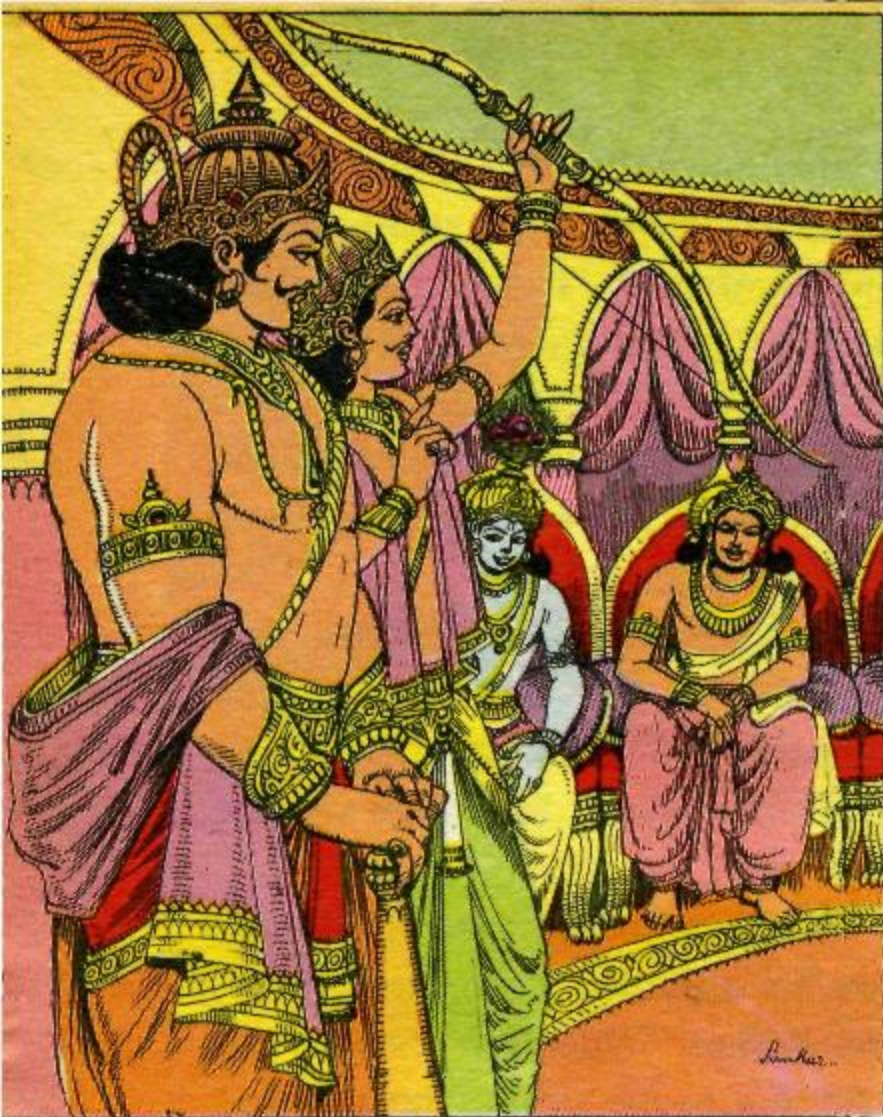
Yudhishtira was rather surprised at Krishna's vehemence, but realised the truth when Krishna spoke again.

"You must realise that Jarasandha is a dastardly villain," Krishna spoke with some heat. "Everyone is afraid of him. You should remember, I and my people were forced to fight a bitter battle against Jarasandha, and we had to acknowledge defeat and flee to Dwaraka."

"But," replied Yudhishtira in a doubtful tone, "if you and the mighty Yadavas had suffered defeat at the hands of Jarasandha, what chance have we?"

Bhima, who was present, did not care for this discussion on victory and defeat. "Success goes to the bold, not to the timid," he shouted. "Strength reinforced with stratagem





will surely defeat this rogue. With Sri Krishna to advise us, and with my strength, and Arjuna wielding his mighty bow, we shall surely vanquish Jarasandha."

At this Arjuna jumped to his feet and cried, "What's the pride in living if we're not prepared to do heroic deeds, worthy of our race? We know we're strong, and we should not be afraid of using our strength to accomplish something which is right."

Krishna was delighted with the brave words of Bhima and Arjuna, and he convinced Yudhishtira with his stand, saying, "The noblest duty

of a Kshatriya is to be true to his race and faith, and overcome his foes in righteous battles and win glory."

Now that Yudhishtira was persuaded that it was his duty to perform the Imperial Yajna, he felt they should immediately plan an expedition.

"Patience, my friend," said Krishna. "First, let me tell you the history of Jarasandha. Only then will you know how to defeat him."

This is the story Sri Krishna narrated: Brihadratha was the founder of the Magadha dynasty and he was acclaimed a great warrior. He married the twin daughters of the King of Kasi, and vowed he would be impartial to both his wives.

To his despair, Brihadratha was not blessed with any heir. As he grew older, he decided to hand over the running of the kingdom to his ministers, and took his wives into the forest to live in austerity. Whilst in the forest, he sought the advice of Sage Kausika, who took pity on the plight of this childless warrior.

As they were talking, a mango fell into the lap of the sage. He gave it to the king with this advice, "Take this fruit, and your dreams will be fulfilled."

The king cut the fruit in half and

gave a piece to each of his two wives. They ate the fruit, and months later each gave birth to half a child. Each half possessed one eye, half a face the body, one arm, and one leg.

The two women were horrified, and commanded their attendants to tie the two horrible pieces in a cloth and throw the gruesome bundle far away. The attendants did as they were told, but a demoness named Jara found the bundle and was elated to see it containing two pieces of flesh. As she picked up the two pieces and held them on her palms they accidentally came together and changed into a living whole child.

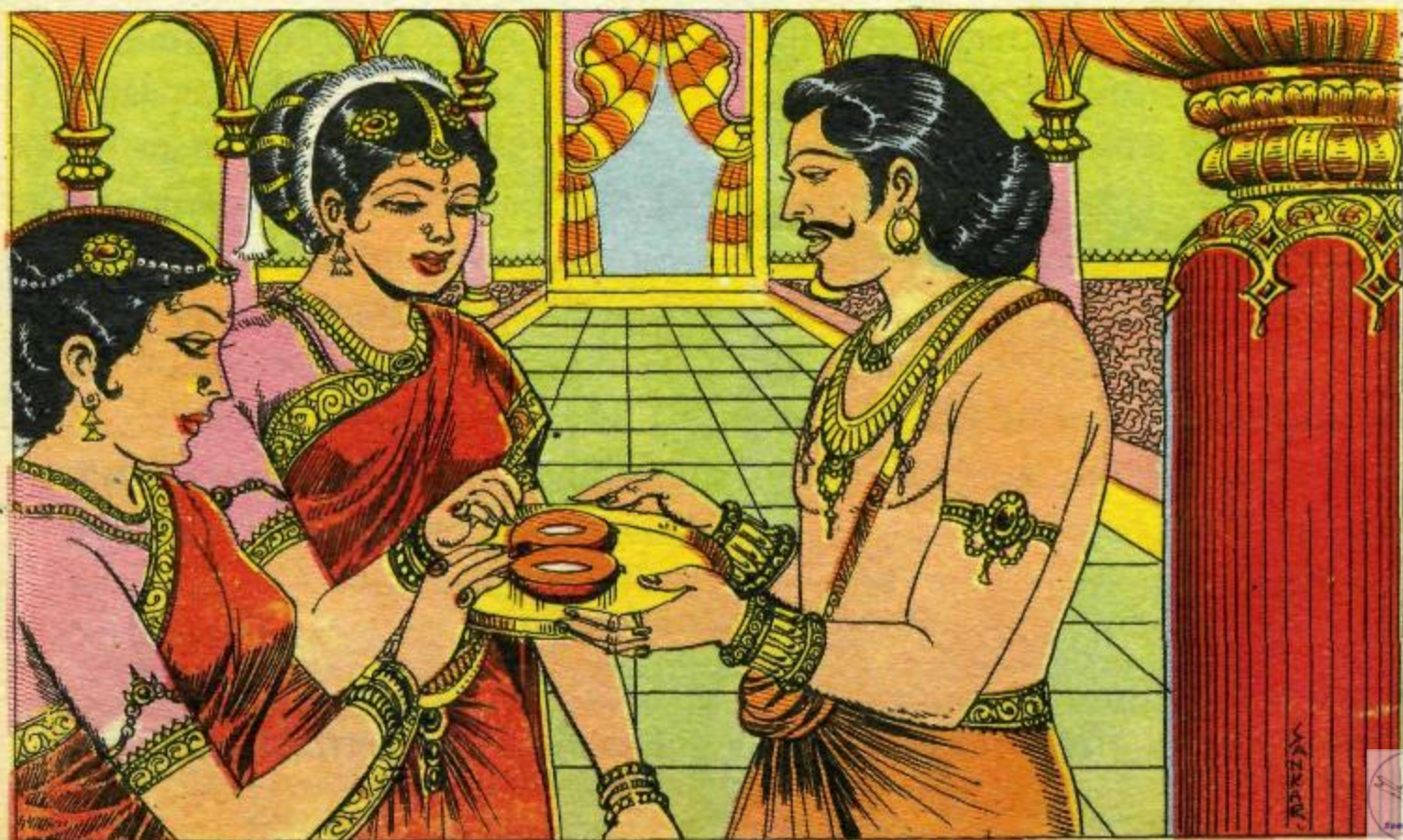
The demoness did not wish to kill

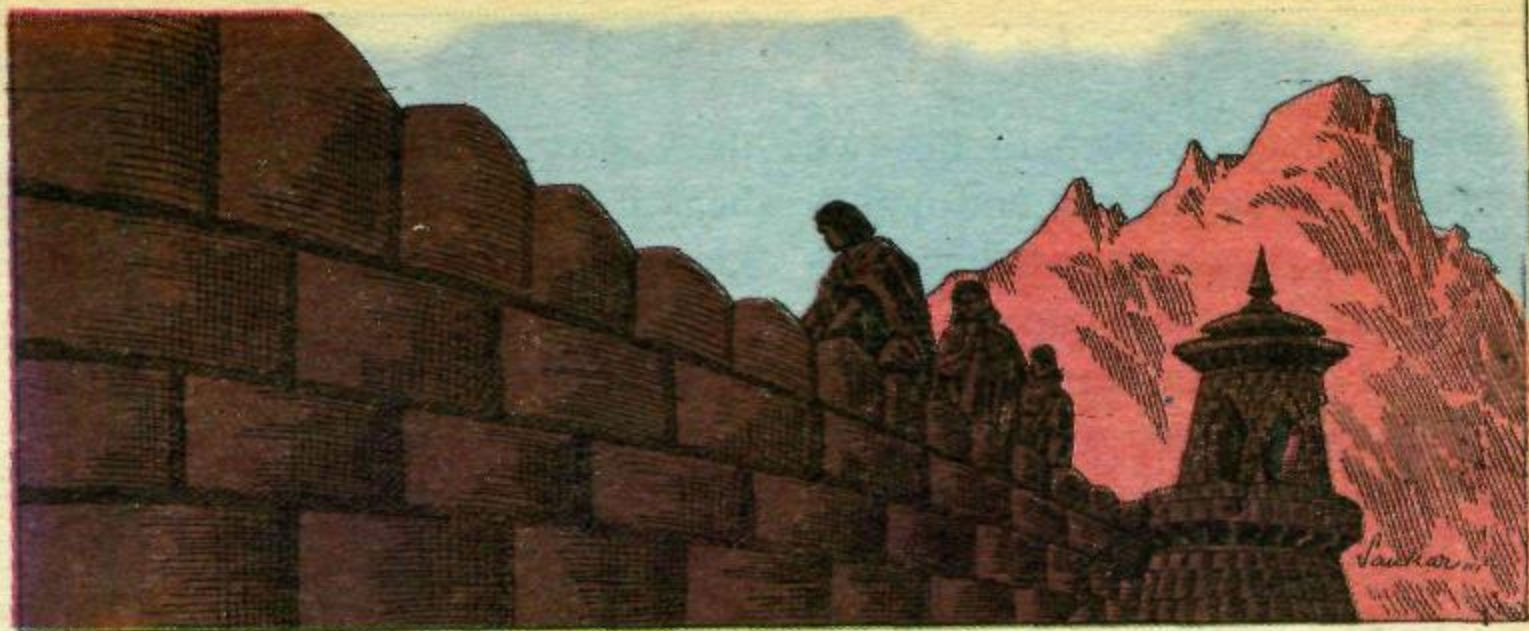
the child. She took the form of a beautiful woman and going to the king, presented him with the child, saying, "This is your child."

The king was delighted, and decided that the child be named Jarasandha, as the child was put together by Jara, the demoness.

Krishna completed his story by saying, "Two parts joined together will still remain weak with a tendency to split. So, against Jarasandha it is useless to talk of fighting with armies. He must be provoked to fight Bhima in single combat, without weapons."

Yudhishtira soon saw the wisdom of Krishna's strategy, and it was





agreed that Krishna would accompany Arjuna and Bhima to Magadha.

Disguised as men who had taken religious vows, the three determined to destroy the redoubtable Jarasandha, who was a menace to all, entered the kingdom of Magadha, and made their way to its capital, which was also called Jarasandha.

Outside the city walls on a nearby hill, King Jarasandha had placed three huge magic drums, which of their own accord would beat a prolonged alarm at the sight of an enemy.

The first thing the princes did was to stealthily crawl up to the three drums and smash them with big rocks. Next, they scaled the city walls and avoiding the guards, managed to enter the city.

At the palace, King Jarasandha was sorely troubled by a series of ill-omens and spent most of his time in the company of holy men who, he hoped, would be able to bring peace to his uneasy mind. The princes, in their guise as holy men, had no difficulty in gaining entrance to the palace and the king welcomed them with open arms. He ordered his servants to bring food and drink. But Krishna, with bowed head, stepped forward and in a low voice said, "Your Majesty, my companions are very holy men and are under a vow of silence till midnight. Perhaps, after midnight, we can meet again!"

"Let it be as you suggest," replied the king. "My servants will bring you to my presence after midnight."

#### CHANDAMAMA PULL-OUT

We are happy to find from the several letters we received in the past six months that the pull-out FORTS OF INDIA has proved to be a favourite with our readers. With two more instalments, this series will conclude, and then we begin a new series on the ANCIENT PORTS OF INDIA. It is these ports that attracted explorers, traders, travellers, and historians to our country from other civilizations and nations. Ensure your copy to read this exciting series. - EDITOR

## **STRONGHOLDS OF THE DECCAN - II**

Text : Meera Ugra ♦ Drawings : Amita Chavan

The Kakatiya kingdom at Warangal was a major power in South India when Marco Polo visited India in the thirteenth century. He describes the fort-city in glowing terms. Queen Rudramma strengthened the fort with an outer wall.

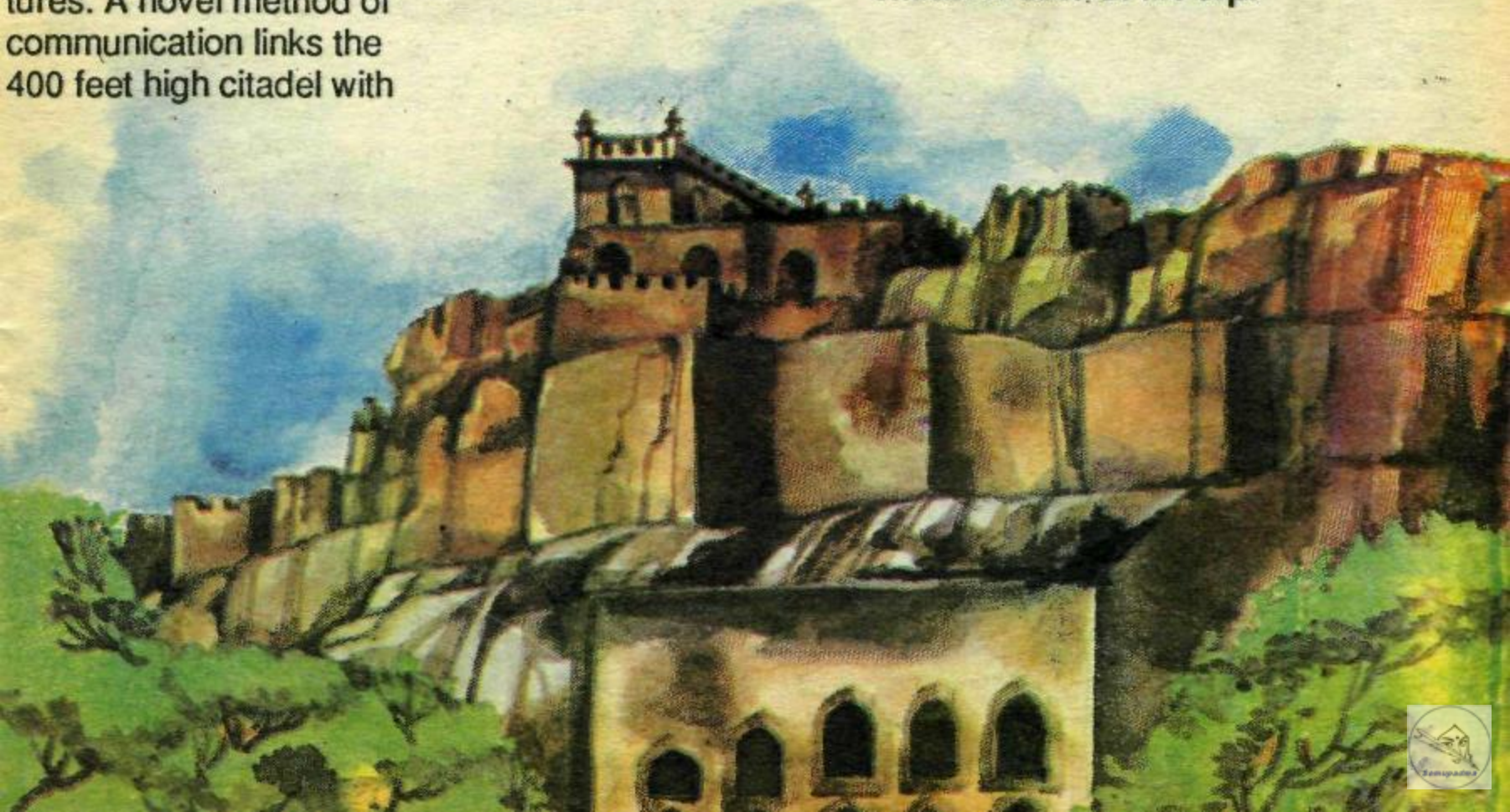
She built another strong fort at an important town, Mankal, known for its brilliant diamonds. In 1518 Qutb-ul-Mulk, Sultan Quli, founded the Qutbshahi dynasty at Mankal. He repaired and added on to the older fort and called it Golkunda.

The Golkunda fort has several remarkable features. A novel method of communication links the 400 feet high citadel with

the main gate at the base of the hill. Any sound made at one end is carried effectively to the other. The sentry on the citadel would just clap his hands on sighting an enemy and the guard at the main entrance would close the gates! The clay pipes running along the wall for water distribution is another such marvel. The main palace, Bala Hisar (the Citadel), is so designed that it remains cool throughout the day even in summer.

The fort had ample sources of water and food crops were grown, making it self-sufficient. It was thus well-equipped to stand a siege.

**The Golkunda Fort; the citadel is seen at the top.**

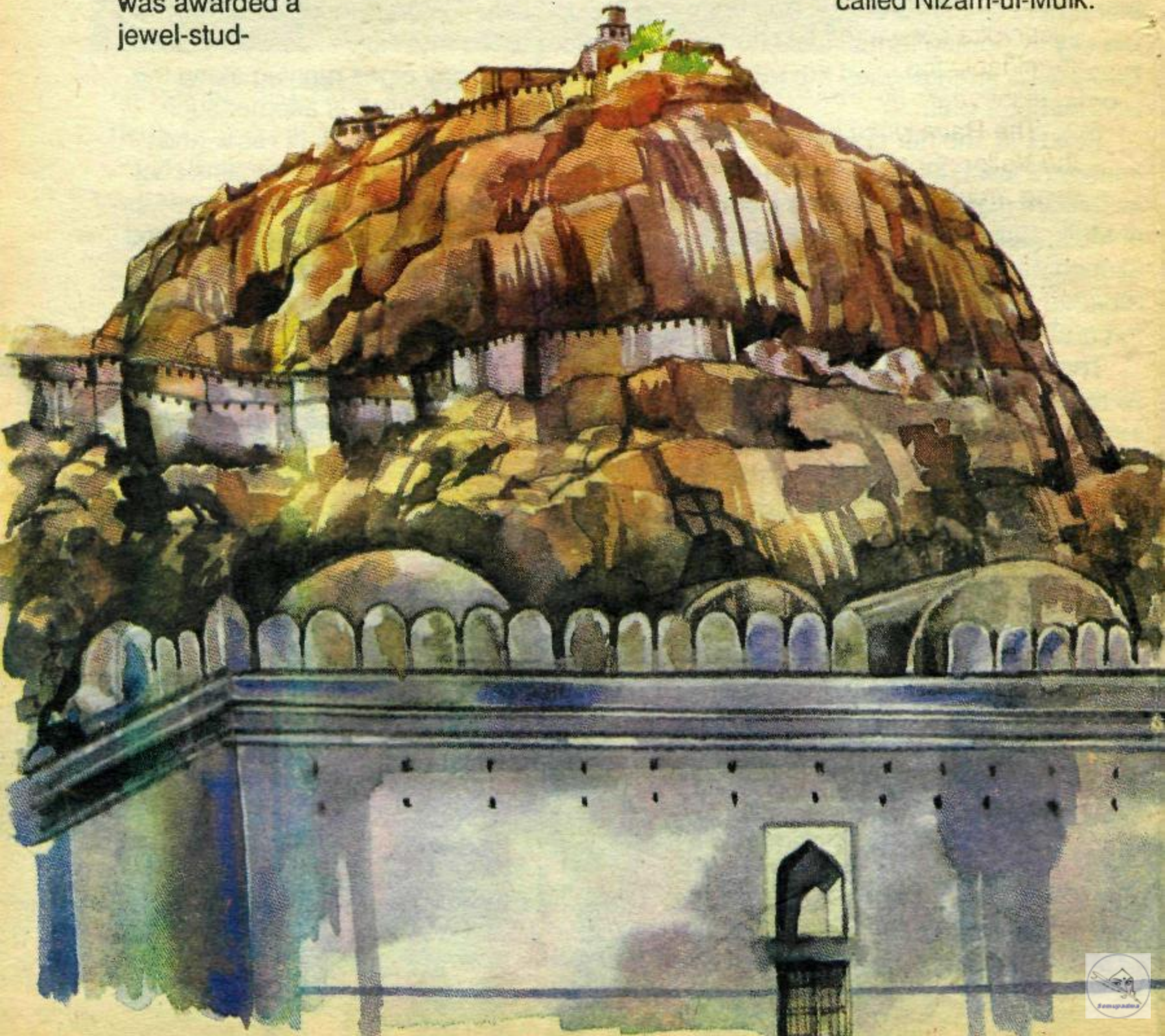


In 1687 the Mughal army laid siege to the fort. One dark night a soldier tried to scale the fort wall. Unfortunately for him, a dog barked, and the garrison who were on the watch, ran to the spot, overturned the ladder and hurled the enemy back into the ditch. The dog was awarded a jewel-stud-

ded collar and a golden chain. Four months later, the fort fell due to the treachery of an officer.

The Mughals built an extension on the north-east boundary wall, and a unique 9-lobed bastion.

The rulers of Golkunda came to be called Nizam-ul-Mulk.



The famous Koh-i-noor diamond was found in the diamond mines near Golkunda.

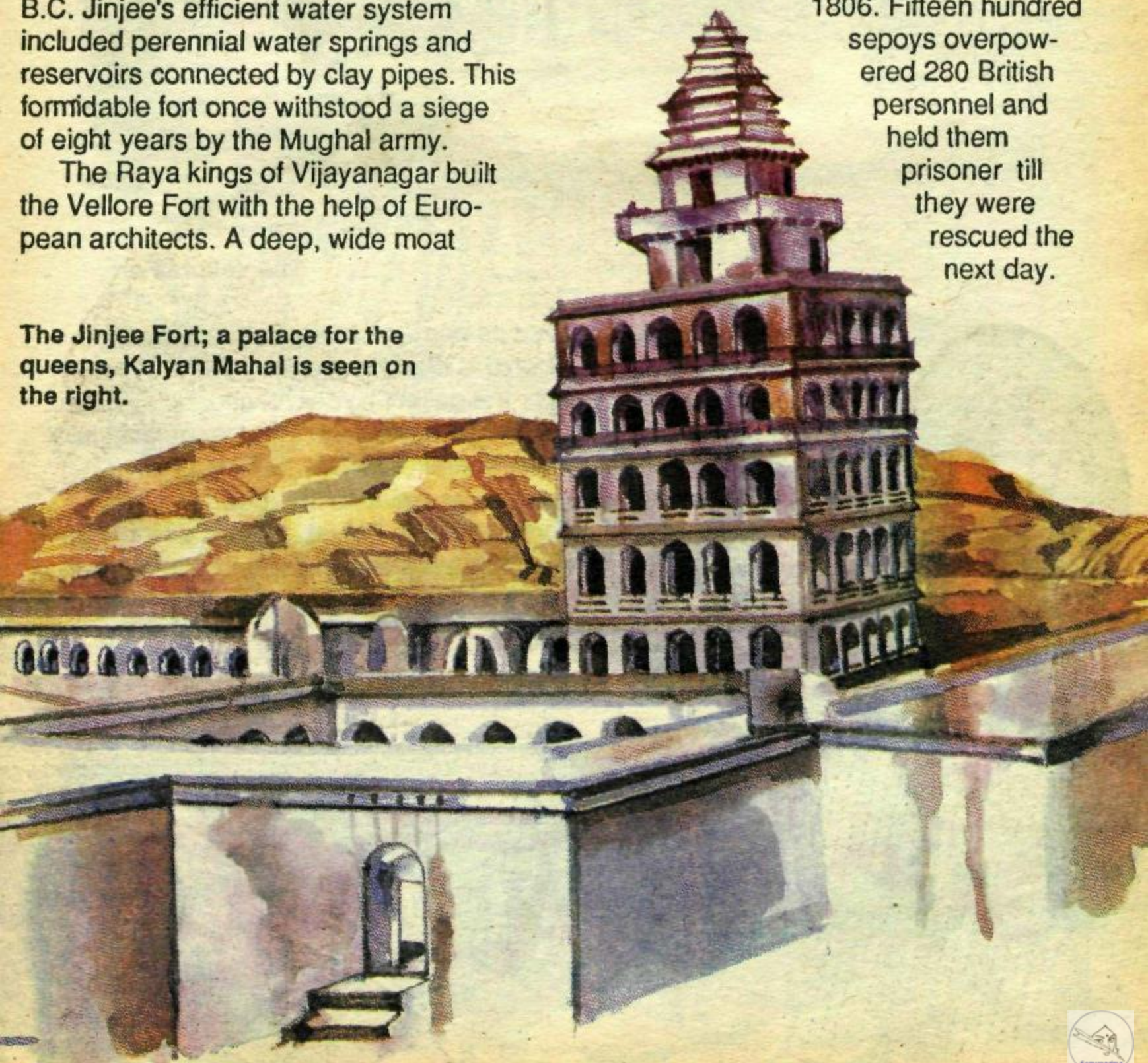
One of the oldest forts of South India, the Jinjee Fort spans a triangle of hills. It dates back to the 3rd century B.C. Jinjee's efficient water system included perennial water springs and reservoirs connected by clay pipes. This formidable fort once withstood a siege of eight years by the Mughal army.

The Raya kings of Vijayanagar built the Vellore Fort with the help of European architects. A deep, wide moat

infested with hundreds of crocodiles surrounded the massive double boundary walls.

One of the earliest mutinies against the British, long before the revolt of 1857, took place at Vellore in July 1806. Fifteen hundred sepoys overpowered 280 British personnel and held them prisoner till they were rescued the next day.

The Jinjee Fort; a palace for the queens, Kalyan Mahal is seen on the right.



Srirangapattanam is an island fort with the river Kaveri encircling it on three sides. The fourth side was protected by two walls and a moat cut into granite rocks. The water level in the moat could be controlled by many water-locks.

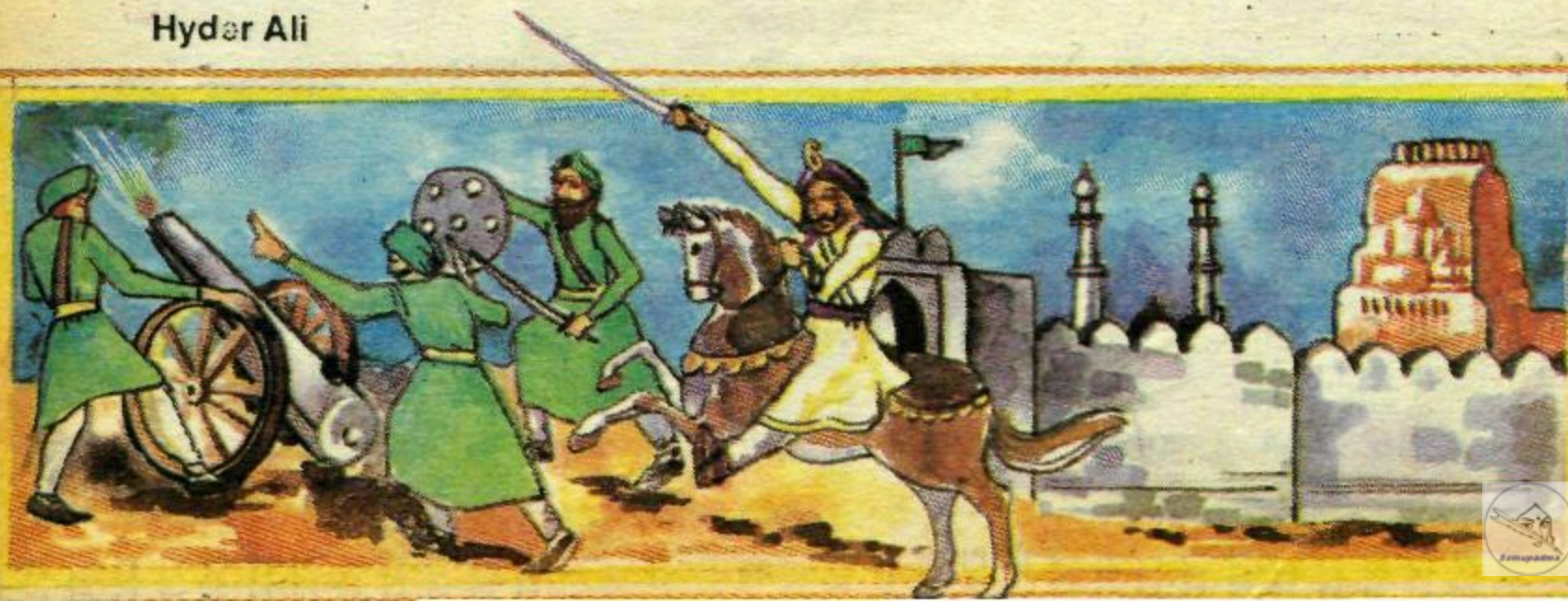


The Vellore Fort

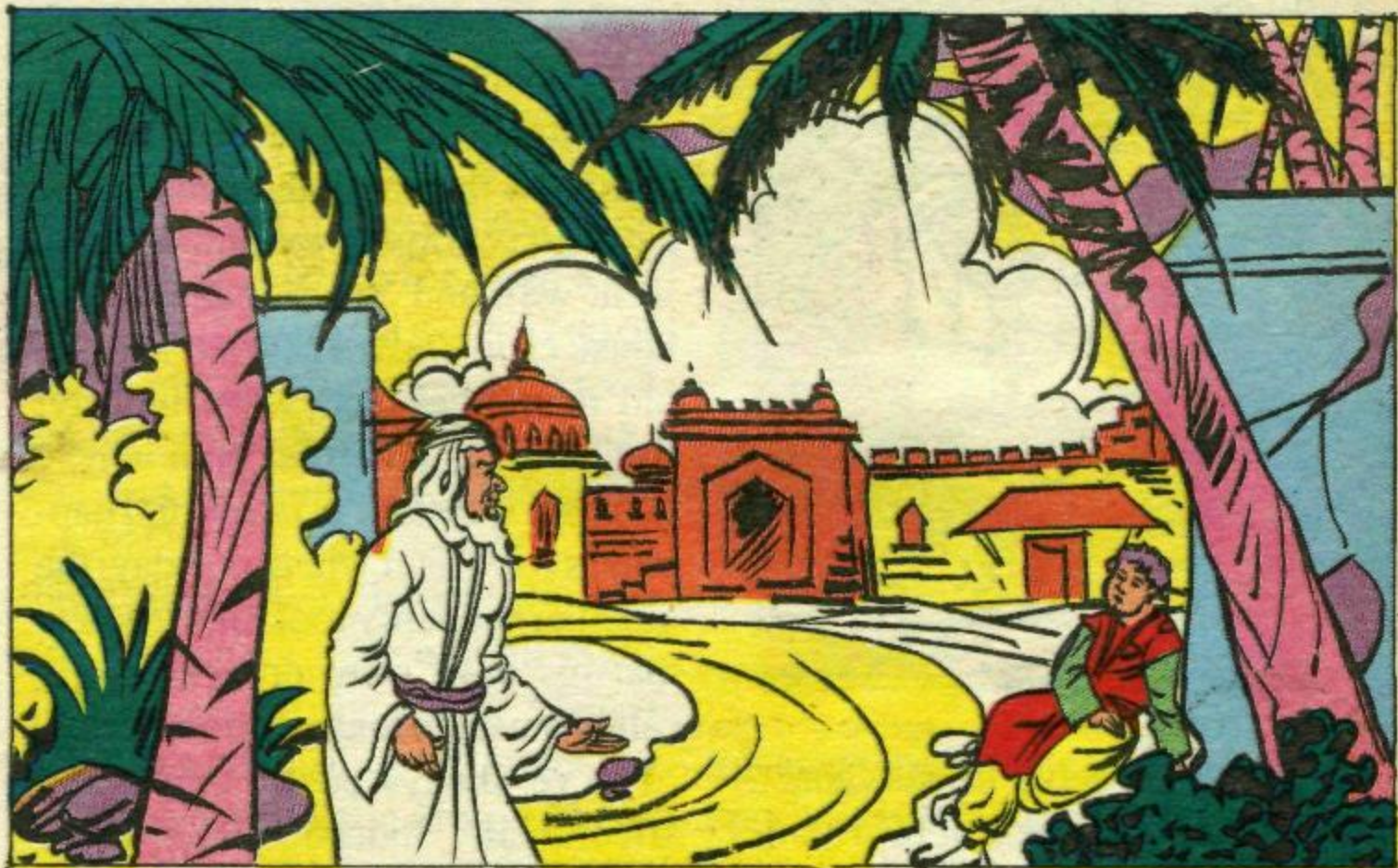


Hyder Ali

The town derived its name from the famous Ranganatha temple built on the island in the 9th century. We now remember it for the gallant Hyder Ali and Tipu Sultan. Dariya Daulat Mahal, Tipu's exquisite summer palace, built entirely of wood, has beautiful murals. But his other palace, the Lal Mahal, was razed to the ground by the British after the fierce battle on May 4, 1799 in which Tipu died fighting. The fort shows scars of the battle and lies in ruins.



## THE MYSTERIOUS DOORS



**A**ges ago, there lived in a city a wealthy old man. He had a long grey beard and he tried to keep up a smile, but failed. His eyes betrayed a deep sadness.

One morning, as he walked down the path leading to the market square, he saw a young man in tattered clothes sitting under a tree.

The old man observed the stranger for a while and then said, "Dear boy, your face tells me that you are no ordinary beggar, though you seem to be starving now. What has re-

duced you to such a miserable state?"

The young man stood up and greeted the kind old man. "My name is Yusuf and, as you have guessed, I come of a noble family. But now I have lost all my money, thanks to my foolishness and bad company."

"Then come with me and I'll give you some work and a place to live, in," proposed the old man.

The youth readily followed the old man. His house was a large and beautiful mansion surrounded by gardens where numerous birds sang



joyfully. He ordered his servants to take the lad to the best of his rooms, give him new clothes to wear, and feed him with a hearty meal. In the evening when Yusuf, well-rested and fresh, went to the old man, he was no longer a haggard-looking fellow, but looked like a charming young prince.

"My dear boy, I too am all alone in this world; no wife nor children do I have. You'll take charge of my household and be like a son to me. Here's a bag of gold. When it is finished, tell me and I'll give you more. But there's one condition. If you ever find me weeping, don't ask me the reason for it," said the old

man, with tears flowing down his wrinkled face.

Delighted and surprised at the same time, the grateful lad bowed and promised to abide by his instructions. He was, of course, perplexed by that one condition. But he kept his curiosity to himself. All went well and Yusuf managed the house efficiently. He often saw the old man weep and weep bitterly! But he never dared ask him why.

Years rolled by in peace and happiness for Yusuf when, one day, the old man suddenly took ill. He knew that his days were numbered. He called Yusuf to his bedside and said, "You've always been faithful and affectionate. Indeed, you're more than a son to me. I'm soon going to die. I leave all my property and wealth to you. Here are the keys."

Yusuf held the old man's hands and bowed his head in gratitude.

"But, my son," continued the old man, "you must promise me one thing, will you?"

"I will," agreed Yusuf.

"Do not open the silver door in this house or you might be as unhappy as I am and forget how to laugh. I didn't keep my promise and you know the consequence."

Then he breathed his last.



For some years Yusuf lived happily in the beautiful house attended by scores of servants. Then, one day, he remembered the old man's parting words.

'Where could this silver door be? I've never seen it!' he said to himself.

He searched and searched from morning till evening for three long days. At last, he found it at the end of a dark, unused passage. He stood looking at it as it shone in the darkness. But he remembered the man's warning and dared not open it.

But alas! All day long he thought about the silver door and all night long he only dreamt of it. Then a time came when he could no longer contain his curiosity. He stood before the mysterious door and kept on trying the keys from the bunch the old man had given him, until one of them suddenly clicked it open. Beyond was what seemed to be a dark, long winding tunnel.

Yusuf was a brave and adventurous lad. Lighting a faggot he groped his way through it. Suddenly he found himself standing on the sandy beach of a turbulent sea. From the deep blue sky above there swooped an enormous white bird and taking him in its claws, flew away.

Over many stretches of sea and



towering mountains they flew until they reached a splendid city. The bird placed the young man at the gate of a magnificent palace and then disappeared in the sky. The guards saluted Yusuf with an impressive clash of their swords on their shields and led him in with the beating of drums and playing of trumpets.

They soon came to a grand marble hall which shone like a mirror. A kingly figure clad in flashing armour and wearing a bejewelled crown greeted him with courtly grace. Surprisingly, a scarf of the finest silk covered the host's face.





"You're noble Yusuf, are you not?" asked the stranger in a musical voice. Yusuf concluded that he was the king of the palace. "Yes, indeed I am, O ruler of this beautiful palace."

"Our books of magic had informed us about your arrival. You're our most honoured guest," said the stranger and, taking Yusuf by the hand, led him to a golden throne on the platform.

Yusuf took his seat on the throne and the stranger sat beside him. All the courtiers and soldiers in the hall bowed low before them.

Then the silken scarf that covered the stranger's face was removed by a

maid. Lo and behold, what did Yusuf see before him? There, sitting beside him, wearing the crown, was in fact a lovely damsel. So great was her beauty that it filled Yusuf's heart with joy and from that moment he loved her.

"My lord Yusuf," she said, "I'm the princess of this land. It's written in our books of magic that you shall be our king and we were all waiting for you. Will you take this throne as yours and accept me as your wife?"

The young man stood speechless, overwhelmed with joy. Then, as if waking from a dream, he said, "I accept your offer, my Queen!"

"This sunny little realm is all yours. You are our lord and king," said the princess.

"Oh! Indeed, I'm in paradise!" exclaimed Yusuf.

But the princess continued, this time in a sober tone, "There's only one condition, my lord."

"I'll do anything you ask me to do," said Yusuf with enthusiasm.

"You see that golden door at the end of the hall, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes, I do," he answered.

"Promise you'll never open it."

"I give you my word that I'll never ever open that door nor go anywhere near it."



It was not before long that the handsome Yusuf and the beautiful princess were married. She took the crown from her head and placed it on his.

Years passed, and the king and the queen lived happily together.

One day, when Yusuf was all alone, he suddenly remembered the golden door. He went to the great hall and stood staring at it. There was no one else there.

'It was the silver door in my house that led me to this magic kingdom. But this door is made of gold. There must be something much more magical and wonderful behind it!' he thought to himself.

Slowly, with measured steps, he walked up to the door and touched its polished surface. The warning of the old man and the promise he had given to his queen rang loudly in his head. But the desire to enjoy some-

thing more luxurious and beautiful, a greater happiness, grew stronger in him. He held the knob and pushed open the door.

Behind it was all darkness and in the darkness he saw the huge white bird that had brought him to this island. In a moment, it clutched him in its claws and flew out of the palace and rose into the sky. It flew on and on until it reached the beach from where it had picked him up years ago. It set him down there and then it flew away and disappeared once again.

Yusuf stood motionless. The sound of the sea echoed around him. There was no hope for him now. He found the passage and groped his way back to his house.

There he lived for the rest of his days dreaming of his lost kingdom and sighing over it. Like the old man, he too forgot how to laugh.

– Retold by Anup Kishore Das



# NEWS FLASH

## Animal sense

Frank Miller was strolling in the Crater Lake National Park, in Oregon, U.S.A., with his 5-year-old dog called 'Bear'. The day was June 19. The Park rules do not permit dogs without leash, but Mr. Miller's companion did not expect Bear to wander far, when she took off his leash, so that the black chow could frolic in



the snow-covered slope of the Crater Lake. The shore was too slippery for the little dog and it plunged into the 40 metre deep crater, and disappeared. Miller and his companion took turns in waiting for Bear, but had to give up hope. He threw some of the toys Bear used to play with into the crater before he returned home. A week later, Bear showed up at a nearby village, safe and sound. It was guessed that he would have walked 29 km around the shore to find a way to the rim of the lake. "Anything is possible with animals" was the remark of an official of the Park.

## His cup of sorrow

Sunil of Manthar village, near Alleppey, in Kerala, enjoyed his hobby – of rearing cats – for ten long years. He kept as many as nine cats, of whom one called Ammini had endeared herself to the villagers. They wondered over her sense of obedience. Sunil had taught her several tricks which amused them. More than all that, her disciplined way of life was a favourite topic of discussion among the villagers. Her favourite was biscuits and green chilli, but she would not take them if she were to find them on the kitchen table or dining table. Something very unfortunate and strange happened. Ammini, who was the centre of attraction in Manthar, had her photo and details in a 'box' in the local newspaper. The next day she died. Two days later, Sunil's father passed away. The young man's cup of sorrow overflowed when all the other eight cats died one after the other in the next two weeks. Sunil has not yet recovered from the shock of his bereavement. "No more cats," he tells his friends.

## Alive with artificial heart

A Tokyo university's medical department has made a world record – indirectly. A 5-year-old goat fitted with an artificial heart is hale and hearty even 400 days after the surgery. The earlier record was 88 days, lived by an animal which was given an artificial heart in 1992 at a university in the U.S.A.





## God as Witness

**K**andappa of Karur was a miser. His father was seriously ill and was on his death-bed. Still Kandappa would not call in a doctor or take him to a hospital. "After all, he is old, and these are all symptoms of old age, not any illness or disease," he used to say whenever anyone suggested that the old man should be treated. The poor man died. Kandappa's mother could not reconcile to the loss of her husband. She, too, died soon after.

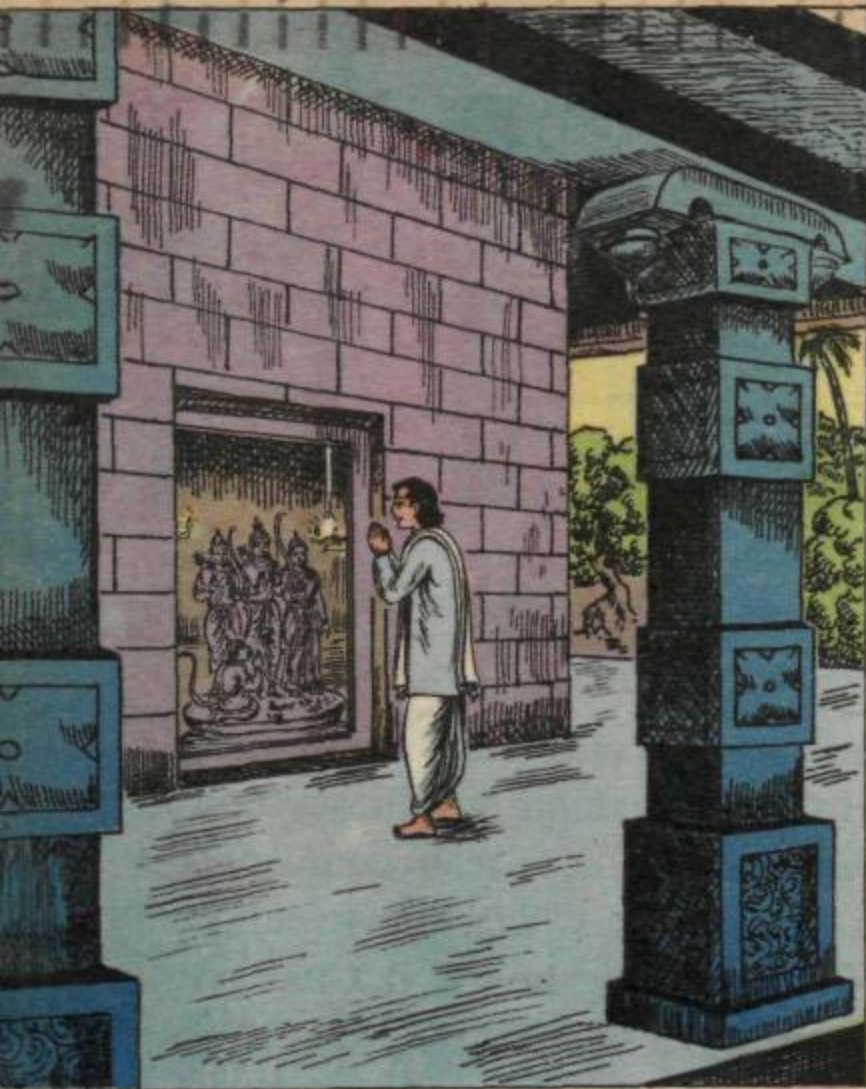
Kandappa's wife and children felt disgusted as they watched all these happenings in their house. They suppressed their feelings and continued to stay with him. Where else would they go? Suppose they protested or raised their voice. They were sure Kandappa would ask them to go away. He could be so cruel to do that.

His neighbour Madappa was pi-

ous and of charitable disposition. He would extend help to anybody who went to him for succour. Many a time he had occasion to advise Kandappa, but he did not pay any heed to his advice. He would only exhibit his greed for money if anybody broached the subject of taking care of his family.

His wife Devaki worshipped Kandappa like a god. She would never disregard his instructions or commands. And their two children were obedient to both of them. Madappa, on seeing their plight, would often advise them to muster courage and protest against Kandappa's inhuman behaviour. But they never accepted his advice.

Madappa was very worried. He must find a way to reform Kandappa and turn him away from the kind of unfair methods he employed to amass wealth. He was so sincere



about his aim that he even decided to do away with him. By killing Kandappa, he knew he would himself not benefit. But that did not matter; he was sure many others would be freed of their suffering on account of Kandappa.

Whenever he decided something, Madappa used to seek the Lord's blessings. It was an important decision to kill Kandappa. So, he went to the temple and worshipped the deity there. Fortunately for him, the *pujari* had gone away and there was no one else in the temple. He stood before the idol and prayed for a long time. He then prostrated.

When he opened his eyes, he found a handsome young man standing before him. "Madappa, get up, let's go home," he said, helping Madappa to get up.

Madappa did not know what to do. "Pray, tell me, who are you?"

"I am the Lord you worshipped a while ago," the youth told him. "I wish to make you do something you may not like to do. Sinners don't die soon. That's why I've come to your help."

Madappa wondered how the young man knew about his intention to kill Kandappa. He then must be the Lord himself. "One condition, Madappa," the man continued. "Except to Kandappa, you should not reveal my identity to anyone else." He then accompanied Madappa to his house.

He prepared nothing less than a feast to entertain the young man. After they both had eaten their food, Madappa went to Kandappa's house with a bowl of the sweetmeat that he had prepared. Kandappa tasted it and said: "It's very nice. What's the grand occasion for a feast?"

"Oh! I've a guest at home," Madappa replied in a whisper. "He's none other than god Himself. He told me that you alone should know



about His presence. So, please keep it a secret."

"Is that so?" Kandappa was curious. "I would very much love to see how god looks like. Will you bring Him to my place once?"

Madappa agreed and went back. Some time later, he returned to Kandappa's house with the young man. Kandappa took a good look at him. "Are you god? Why should you have to stay with Madappa?"

"Madappa is my devotee," replied the young man.

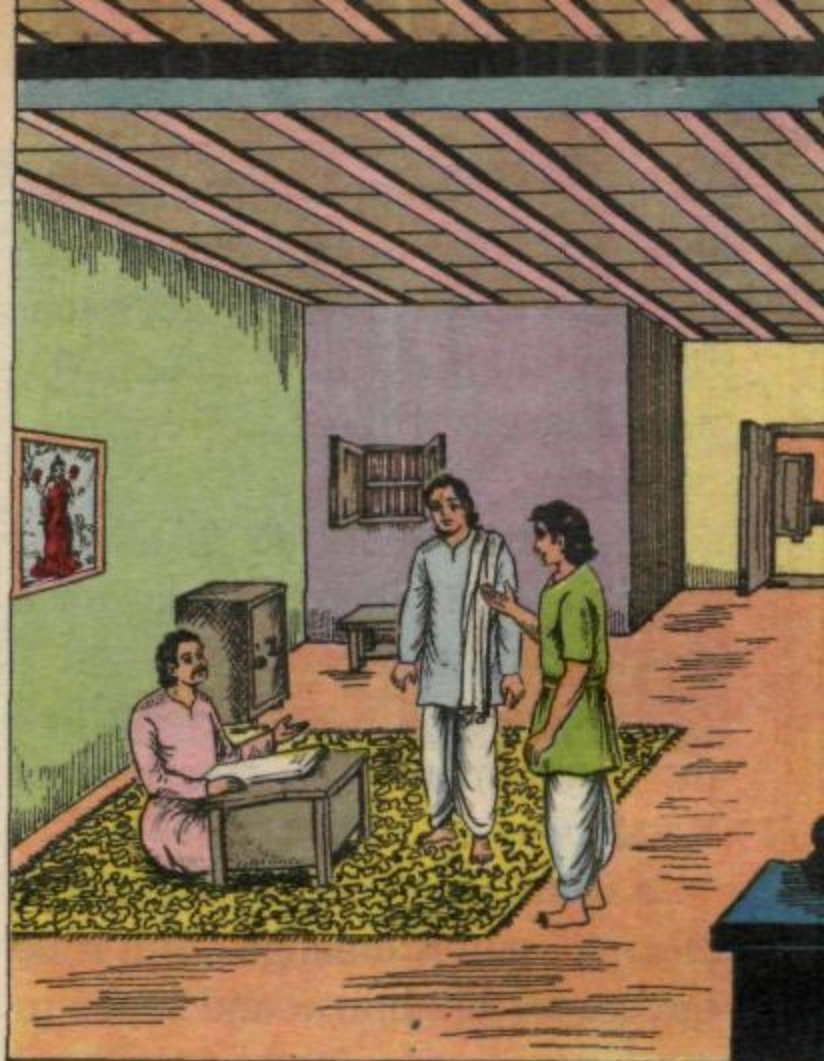
"But how can I believe that you're god?" was Kandappa's next question.

"You give one thousand coins to Madappa without any documents or security, and continue to give him for ten days," said the young man. "Your money will grow ten-fold. Madappa will return all the money you give him."

"If I give money without taking a receipt from him, what'll happen if he were to deny having taken money from me?" queried Kandappa. "I'll lose all my money!"

"When I'm witness to his taking money, will he cheat you?" asked the young man.

"When I'm not convinced that you are god, how can I accept you as a



witness or surety?" Kandappa raised objections.

At that moment, Velappa came there to meet Kandappa. He owned lands and a house, but somehow money would not remain with him as he too believed in charity. His farm hand, Kandappa, was about to celebrate his daughter's wedding and badly needed some money. As Velappa had no ready cash with him, he thought of taking a loan from Kandappa. He had already been informed about Velappa's visit and so he had kept the documents ready.

"You appear to be a kind-hearted gentleman," said the young man



turning to Velappa. "You give a thousand coins to Madappa as loan every day for ten days. It'll grow ten-fold and all that will be yours. You must give this without any receipt or document."

"I shall certainly do that," said Velappa, "but where do I go for a thousand coins every day?"

"Why do you worry?" remarked the young man. "You take it from Kandappa."

"I won't give it to him without a receipt," said Kandappa. "But if he mortgages his house and lands to me, I'm willing to give him ten thousand coins."

The young man nodded to

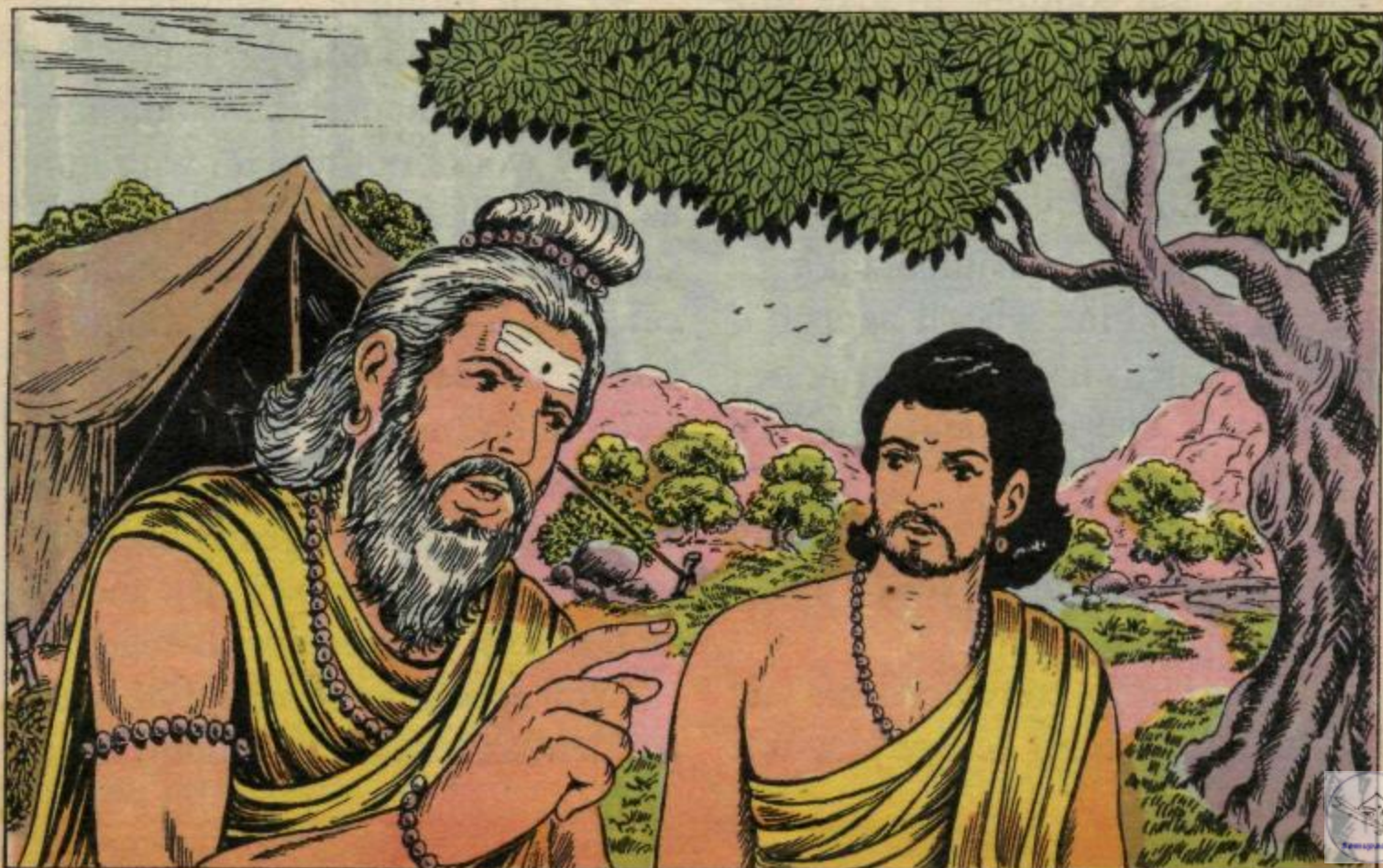
Velappa, who signed the mortgage deed. Kandappa gave him ten thousand coins, and Velappa gave a thousand coins to Madappa.

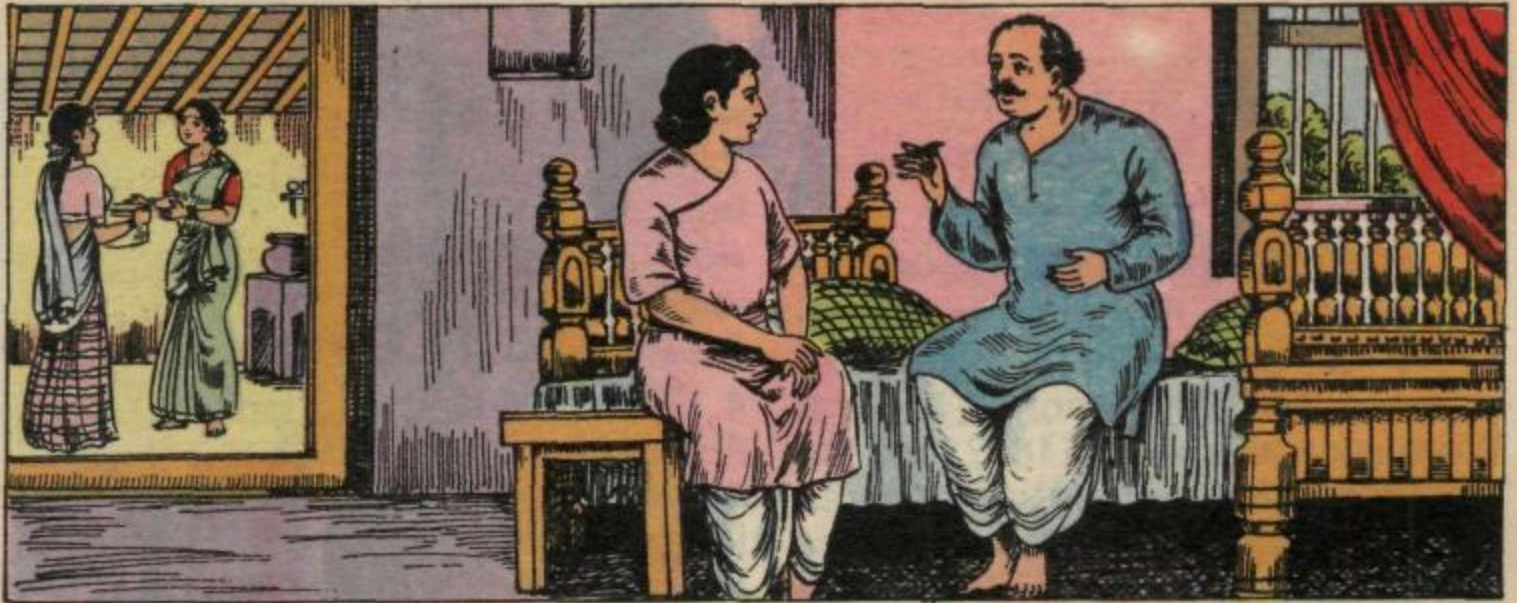
"Now you may go and tell everybody," said the young man. "Even if one coin is borrowed, it will grow ten-fold. If the amount is bigger, then it will increase manyfold."

Velappa agreed and went away. "Nobody can take me for granted," remarked Kandappa. "I must be convinced that you're god, only then will I believe that you're really god."

"All right, you may now see my ten incarnations," said the young man.

Madappa could see the changes





in the young man one after the other, but Kandappa could not see any one of them. Before he knew what was happening, both Madappa and the young man had disappeared.

That evening, a crowd gathered in front of Madappa's house. All of them had brought household items to be pawned and take loans from him. Till then they used to depend on Kandappa. He saw the crowd and wondered, how come they all are now going to Madappa?

The young man suddenly appeared before him. "I told you that the money you gave Velappa and whatever he gave to Madappa will grow ten-fold. You did not believe me."

Kandappa realised the truth in what he said. "Yet, I can't even now believe that you're god."

"Don't worry," said the young man. "you can see who I am."

Kandappa saw that it was now Lord Krishna Himself standing before him, and not the young man. The Lord then disappeared.

The crowd took money from Madappa and repaid their loans taken from Kandappa. He now realised how greed had prompted him to harass poor people. He changed his attitude. He began helping people with money and never demanded it back.

And Madappa could forget that he had once wished to kill Kandappa.

**Fame resulting from the achievements of the mind never perishes.**

**Often the greatest intellects lie unseen.**



# SPORTS

**YESTERDAY  
TODAY  
TOMORROW**

## French Open cameos

Recently two major tennis tournaments took place – the French Open, followed by Wimbledon. The first Wimbledon was held in 1877, and the first French Open in 1891. In between was launched the U.S. Open, in 1881. The other tournament in the Grand Slam series is the Australian Open which began in 1905. The French Open is being played in the Roland Garros stadium since 1928. Garros was a World War I aviation hero much venerated by the French people.

In 1953, Ken Rosewall and Maureen Connolly became the youngest men's and women's singles champions. They were 18 years 7 months and 18 years 8 months old respectively. In 1989, Michael Chang (17 yrs. 3 months) and Arantxa Sanchez (17 yrs. 5 months) were the champions. While Chang still holds the record, Monica Seles rewrote the record for women's singles in 1990, when she was only 16 years 6 months.

## Two records in ten days

One world record every year. This was almost like a vow taken by



Nouredine Morceli of Algeria. In September 1992, he broke the record for 1,500 metres – 3 min. 28.86 sec-

onds. In September 1993, he ran 1,000m in 3:44.30 seconds. In August 1994, he broke the Kenyan Kiptaniui's record for 3,000m (7:28.96) by clocking 7:25.11 seconds. On July 3 this year, he set the

world record for 2,000m in Paris, with a time of 4:47.88 seconds, breaking the record of 4:50.81 made by Said Aouita



of Morocco in 1987. Morceli went on to better his own record for 1,500m on July 12 in Nice, France, by clocking 3:27.37 seconds (3:28.86). He now has his eyes focussed on 800 metres and 10,000 metres. "I'm still young; I've a lot of time," replied 25-year-old Morceli, when someone asked him about his chances to create world records in these two events also.

For Daniela Bortova, of Czechoslovakia, it was three world records within 45 days. She leaped 4.10 metres in women's pole vault on May 21, in Slovenia. On July 2, she cleared 4.14m at Gateshead, England. Three days later, on July 5, she improved this to 4.15m at Ostrava, in Czechoslovakia.

## Judo in SAF Games

If a minimum four nations would enter teams, then Judo will be the 14th discipline to be included in the 7th South Asian Federation Games to be held in Madras from December 18 this year. Inclusion of squash is also under active consideration.



New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

## Unlike a Giant

**D**ark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time; gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearsome faces.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O King! You seem to be making untiring efforts and without respite, as if you wish to achieve something. I pity you. Instead of enjoying comfortable sleep on a cozy bed, you're still coming after me. Could I ask you something? Are you doing all this to please some friends? Sometimes, you'll have to doubt their intentions, but you may realise it too late. That's what happened to King Indrasen. You must listen to





his story.” The vampire then began his narration.

Indrasen was the ruler of Indragiri. Sivaguru was a spy in his employ. He easily won the king’s confidence, because whatever assignment Indrasen gave him, he carried it out faithfully and efficiently, sometimes even in utter disregard of his own life. He was able to please the king, who treated him affectionately, too.

Udayagiri and Indragiri had a common border. The neighbours were not on friendly terms. In fact, Udayasen was just marking his time to invade Indragiri. But Indrasen was cleverer than Udayasen. He

planned to pre-empt an attack by Udayagiri and decided to attack that kingdom and take Udayasen un-awares. For that, he must first have an idea of the strength of his neighbour’s army. So he sent Sivaguru to find that out for him.

The spy was not only clever and intelligent, but knew the kind of stratagem he should use to gather the information he needed. He managed to spend a few days in Udayagiri to make an assessment of the army’s strength, the state of affairs, the popularity of the ruler among his subjects, the lie of the land and its borders, and possible escape routes. Once he had all the details, he began his return journey to Indragiri.

His way was through a thick forest amidst a mountain range. At one place he saw a giant asleep on the way he had to cross. He was a bit scared and walked fast to clear the distance before the giant woke up. As luck would have it, the giant suddenly woke up and saw Sivaguru in front of him. The next moment he pounced on him and caught hold of him. “Ah! You thought you could evade me! Nothing doing. I may be asleep, but my eyes are always alert. Otherwise, how could I have known



your presence here? You cannot escape from me now!" The giant held him up in his hands so that he could easily put him into his mouth, and swallow.

"Please spare me!" pleaded Sivaguru. "I'm a servant of King Indrasen, and I'm hurrying back to take a message for him. It's very important and I must reach Indrapuri as fast as I can. Please let me go now. I shall come back after I pass on the information to the king. I'm not at all afraid of dying."

"I like the way you imagine excuses!" said the giant mockingly. "I'm not a fool to let go my prey. So, there's no question of releasing you. However, I can delay killing you. You give me the message and I shall go to your king and pass it on to him, after I kill you. After all, you're only bound to take a message to your king; I shall undertake that job efficiently. You don't have to worry about that."

"That's not possible!" insisted Sivaguru, weakly. "I can't disclose that message to anybody other than the king."

"In that case, I just won't allow you to go," the giant appeared adamant. "Get ready, I'm going to kill you."

"If you so insist, what else can I do?" said Sivaguru, boldly. "You may go ahead and kill me. But one thing is certain. Don't expect me to disclose to you what I want to tell my king."

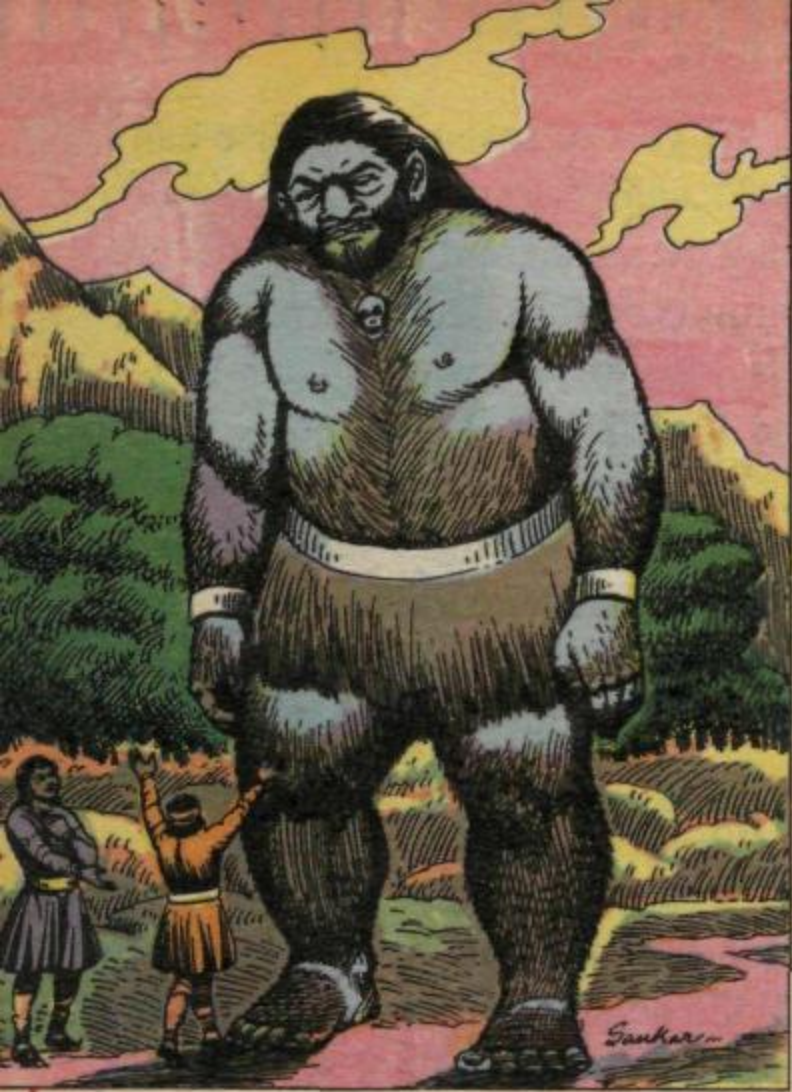
The giant was really surprised to notice his victim's nonchalance. "Good! I'm quite impressed by your sense of loyalty," said the giant. "You may go to your king, give him your message, and come back. I'll be waiting for you."

Sivaguru went straight to Indrapuri and conveyed to Indrasen all the details he had gathered about Udayagiri. He did not wait to find out the king's reaction or his decision. He appeared to be in a hurry to leave the palace.

"What happened to you, my friend?" queried Indrasen. "Where are you going in a hurry?"

"On my way here, I saw a giant," Sivaguru explained. "He caught hold of me and was about to swallow me, when I told him that I had to see you urgently. He was not willing to let me go, but I promised to go back to him after I had conveyed the message to you. When I go there, I'll certainly become his prey. Promise that you'll take care of my family!"

Indrasen was carried away by



Sivaguru's honesty and loyalty. He was mightily pleased with his friend. He allowed him to go back to the giant, but followed him without his knowledge, after entrusting the kingdom to his ministers.

Sivaguru found the giant waiting for him. "Here I am! I've come back as promised. You may now kill me." The giant was surprised and happy.

Indrasen, who had reached the place by then, revealed himself from behind a tree. "Aren't you now convinced about his honesty?" he asked the giant. "You caught him while he was on duty for my sake, so it's my responsibility to save him. You may

let him go and instead kill me and eat me."

"Your majesty!" Sivaguru pleaded. "If I die, only one family will suffer a loss. But if you were to die, it will be a loss to the entire kingdom. Then what'll happen to the kingdom? O King! You must refrain from this sacrifice for my sake. I must keep my promise to the giant."

"You don't bother about the kingdom, Sivaguru," the king reassured his friend. "By the time you return to Indrapuri, the ministers would have made all arrangements to crown you. Under your rule, I am sure the kingdom would certainly prosper."

The giant was listening to all this conversation. "Till now I have come across only people who feared for their lives. But today I find two persons vying with each other to sacrifice their lives. What a marvel! Tell me, why didn't you doubt at all that I might not spare both of you?"

"You first let off Sivaguru, didn't you?" asked King Indrasen. "From that I could know your mind. That's why I came alone. I could have brought my army and easily caught hold of you. Why didn't I do that?" That's because I guessed your



attitude.”

The giant praised the king for his observation. “Allright, tell me, which one of you shall I now kill?”

“Me, and only me!” said Sivaguru in haste. “I’ve no right to be King of Indrapuri. You must allow King Indrasen to go back to Indrapuri. After that you may kill me and eat me.”

“Don’t be hasty, Sivaguru,” said Indrasen. “Take time to decide things. Think for a while and then tell him.”

“Why do you advise him like that?” asked the giant, rather surprised at the king’s stand.

“Sivaguru should go back to Indrapuri, lead the army to Udayagiri and attack that kingdom,” explained Indrasen. “He must defeat King Udayasen. He would then become the king of both Indragiri and Udayagiri. I would naturally become your prey. However, if he does not become king, he would come back here and be you prey, and you would then release me. You would have thus solved the question whom you would eat.”

The giant agreed to that condition. “You may go and do as the king has commanded, Sivaguru,” he said. “Till you come back, Indrasen will

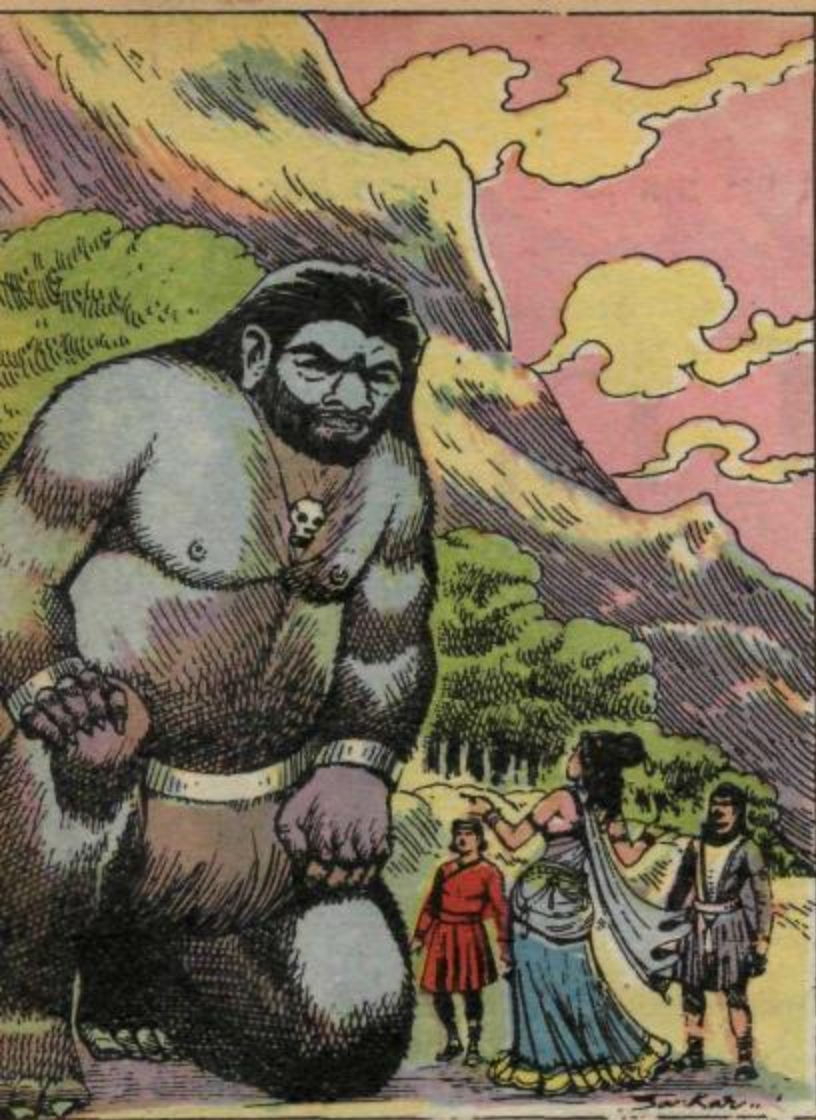
remain in my custody.”

Sivaguru returned to Indrapuri, mustered the army, and attacked Udayagiri. He defeated Udayasen and put him in prison. He then went to the giant, this time accompanied by a girl. “Who’s she?” asked the giant.

“She is Malini, daughter of King Udayasen,” replied Sivaguru. “She is adamant that she would marry only Indrasen. You must release him so that he can marry her. You can then kill me.”

“She might be in love with me,” remarked Indrasen, “but that does not mean that I like her and should





marry her. It is the King of Indragiri that she wishes to marry. And who's the king now? You! So, she must marry Sivaguru. Go ahead, kill me. That would solve all the problems," Indrasen insisted.

"I really wanted to marry Indrasen," affirmed Princess Malini. "I'm not bothered whether he is now king or not. So, you may release Sivaguru, and kill me along with Indrasen," she added turning to the giant.

After he listened to the princess, the giant found himself in a worse dilemma. He looked at all three of them, one after the other. "All my

calculations seem to have gone wrong," said the giant. "I had taken every human being to be selfish—both physically and mentally. But today I realise the sanctity of love, affection, faith, confidence, kindness, and sympathy because of you three. I know how a king is responsible towards his servant. I learnt how a servant would be ready even to sacrifice his life for the sake of his king. Princess Malini has no hesitation to ending her life along with the person she really loves. If I were to kill any one of you holding such great feelings, I would only be committing a great crime. So, I've decided to free all of you from your obligations to me and let you go. I've also decided to go away from here." The giant suddenly rose into the sky and disappeared in no time.

The vampire concluded the story there and turned to King Vikramaditya. "O King! I've some doubts about Sivaguru. If he really was loyal to the king, he should have managed to get defeated by Udayasen and become a prey to the giant, and succeeded in getting Indrasen released by the giant. Instead, he went and defeated Udayasen and almost ensured that he was made the ruler of both king-



doms. When that happened, Indrasen would naturally have become the giant's prey, and not Sivaguru. He won the battle with Udayasen and brought his daughter Princess Malini along with him, when she professed her love for Indrasen. In fact, that changed his entire attitude. If Malini had never been there or if she had not disclosed her desire, Sivaguru would have surely become the king, while Indrasen became the giant's prey. Why did Sivaguru change his stand? Why did he take Malini along with him when he went to the giant? If you know the answers to my doubts, O King, and yet remain silent, let me warn you once again, your head will be blown to pieces!"

Vikramaditya had all the answers ready. "A brave and loyal servant would not care for his own safety and comfort. He would only worry

about his master's life and happiness and the safety and security of the country. Sivaguru could have easily got himself defeated by Udayasen, but that would have brought shame to the country. That is why he defeated Udayasen in battle. He had also assessed the mind of the giant, and found that he was kindhearted and intelligent. Such a person would not be hasty in choosing his prey or eating up his victim. Sivaguru knew that he had enough time to defeat Udayasen and then present himself before the giant. Indrasen was right in having full faith in Sivaguru's loyalty and in reposing confidence in him."

The vampire now realised that the king had outsmarted him once again. He flew back to the ancient tree, carrying the corpse with him. Vikramaditya drew his sword and went after the vampire.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD

## A Handshake in Space

When the U.S. space shuttle 'Atlantis' docked with the Russian orbiting space station 'Mir' on June 29, a link-up in space was taking place for the second time in almost 20 years. For, it was in July 1975 that the American spaceship 'Apollo' had a rendezvous with the Soviet 'Soyuz'. At that time, a cold war was still on between the U.S.A. and the then Soviet Union, and as such the meeting in space had no great political significance. Only the technical feasibility of such link-ups was being assessed. However, with the break-up of the Soviet Union and subsequent official declaration about the end of the cold war, the two countries put their heads together for effecting more meetings in space as a precursor to major programmes, including construction of an international space station, in which the participation of as many as 15 nations, too, is envisaged.

'Atlantis' took off on June 27, with a 7-member crew, including two Russian cosmonauts and five astronauts. For two days it chased 'Mir' to bring about what has been described as a 'picture-perfect docking' at 8 a.m. on June 29 (IST). Once docked, the two became a huge single spacecraft. It took two hours for the ground

controllers in Houston, U.S.A., and Kaliningrad, in Russia, to signal the crew in 'Atlantis' to enter 'Mir'. The seven plus three—ten—spacemen then began a session of 'hugs, handshakes, and kisses on the cheek'.

The next five days saw hectic activity inside 'Mir' when several experiments were conducted. It was soon parting time for the two spacecraft. The 3-member crew on 'Mir', including astronaut Norman Thagard (see *Chandamama*, July 1995), moved to 'Atlantis' for their return journey. (In the picture below, Thagard is at extreme left.) Their place was taken by the two cosmonauts who had travelled by 'Atlantis'. Later, the two came out of 'Mir' and boarded a small Soyuz attachment to photograph the undocking exercise. Their return to 'Mir' to start another long odyssey in space was, in turn, photographed by the crew inside 'Atlantis', which returned to earth on July 7.

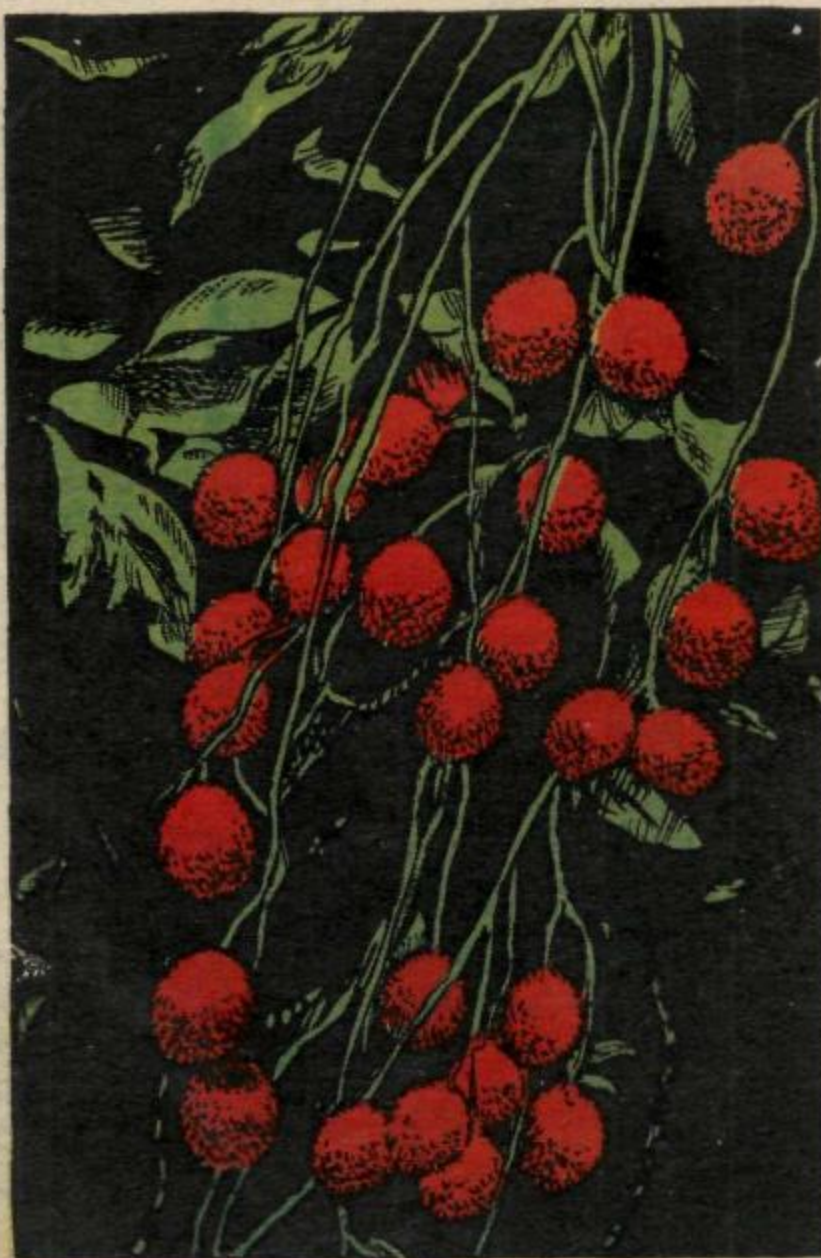
After watching the historic docking on the TV screen President Clinton himself was seen on the TV remarking: "See! There's no more cold war!"



## **Of Chinese Origin**

A famous Chinese poet was once exiled to Canton, where the fruit called "litchi" was part of his food. He was reported to have stated that he would not mind life-long banishment if he was assured of regular supplies of litchis! Litchi is grown in orchards in the Muzaffarpur district of Bihar, Hooghly of West Bengal, Dehra Dun in U.P., Gurdaspur in Punjab, and the Nilgiris district of Tamilnadu. India is generally considered as ranking third in the world in litchi cultivation. The tree is believed to have been introduced into India from China during the early Buddhist period.

An evergreen tree, it grows to a height of 12 metres, with spreading branches. The leaves have a glossy surface on top. The flowers, which are devoid of petals, are small and greenish in colour. They are seen in clusters at the tips of the branches. The fruits also are borne in clusters. They are slightly oval in shape and assume a light crimson colour. There is a pale green variety also. The prickly surface is easily broken to reveal a fleshy portion surrounding the seed. This white pulp is very sweet, and is rich in Vitamins B, C, and D. Litchi is a seasonal fruit, usually plucked in May and June in the north, and April and May in the south. The root, bark, and flowers, besides the seed of litchi have medicinal properties.



# BHRIGU

**S**everal Indian surnames trace their origin to the names of ancient Rishis. Bhargavas are believed to be the descendants of a clan founded by the great sage Bhrigu.

Bhrigu belonged to early mythical times. According to one legend, he once went to meet Lord Vishnu. The Lord, at that time, was asleep. Bhrigu waited for a while. But there was no sign of Vishnu waking up. Bhrigu wondered, how can Vishnu, who is supposed to be the protector of the universe, afford to sleep for such a long time? Suddenly the sage lost his temper. When people are terribly angry, they are not under the control of their reasoning power. Bhrigu, too, temporarily forgot himself and did something unexpected. He planted a kick on Vishnu.

Vishnu, of course, woke up. But what do you think was his reaction? He not only apologised to Bhrigu for

having made him wait, but also began to massage his foot, lest it had started paining in the process of kicking him!

Needless to say, Bhrigu was overwhelmed by Vishnu's humility. It was he who popularised the worship of Vishnu, for he praised him in front of the Gods and the Rishis.

It was Bhrigu who ordained that all impure things consumed by fire would become pure.

One of the great mysteries associated with Bhrigu is an astrological formula devised by him. This is known as the *Bhrigu Samhita*. Those who know how to study it properly, are believed to be able to recount every individual's past and also predict his or her future. This means, Bhrigu had a unique knowledge of people's destiny. Even today there are astrologers who study the *Bhrigu Samhita* and try to read the past, present, and future of those who flock to them.

Famous sages like Chyavana, Sukra, Jamadagni, Parasurama, and Valmiki belonged to the Bhargava clan.



# DO YOU KNOW

1. When did Emperor Asoka issue his first edict?
2. A country is often described as the 'Land of Pagodas'. Which country?
3. Where in India is found the Asiatic wild ass?
4. The U.S.A. has only two major political parties. Name them.
5. In a Test match, India lost four wickets without scoring a single run. When was this?
6. A bird has no wings at all, unlike other birds. Which?
7. An Indian leader became the first woman President of the U.N. General Assembly. Who was it?
8. Who was the first one to score 1,000 goals in football?
9. In South India, which was the capital of the Chola dynasty?
10. What is the name given to the god of Fire in Indian mythology?
11. The English and the French fought a 7-year war in India. How is it identified?
12. When did Mahmud of Ghazni invade India?
13. Which State in India sends the largest number of representatives to the parliament?
14. Which river flows by the side of the Taj Mahal?
15. Who built the city of Fatehpur Sikri near Agra?
16. Chandragupta II is better known by which name?
17. Which is the largest carnivorous animal?
18. Where was a polo club first established?
19. Which invader brought the cannon to India for the first time?

## ANSWERS

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| 11. It is called the Carnatic War, as it was confined to the present Tamilnadu in South India. | 19. Babar  |
| 12. Between 1000 and 1026 A.D., he invaded India as many as 17 times.                          | 18. In Assam, in 1859 - the Cachar Club.   |
| 13. Uttar Pradesh  | 17. Polar bear   |
| 14. The Yamuna   | 16. King Vikramaditya  |
| 15. The Mughal emperor Akbar   | 15. The Mughal emperor Akbar   |
| 16. King Vikramaditya  | 14. The Yamuna   |
| 17. Polar bear   | 13. Uttar Pradesh  |
| 18. In Assam, in 1859 - the Cachar Club.   | 12. Between 1000 and 1026 A.D., he invaded India as many as 17 times.                          |
| 19. Babar  | 11. It is called the Carnatic War, as it was confined to the present Tamilnadu in South India. |
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|--|---|
| 1. When did Emperor Asoka issue his first edict?   | 10. Agni  |
| 2. A country is often described as the 'Land of Pagodas'. Which country?                       | 9. Thanjavur or Tanjore.                              |
| 3. Where in India is found the Asiatic wild ass?   | 8. Austria-born Franz Binder, who played for Germany. |
| 4. The U.S.A. has only two major political parties. Name them.                                 | 7. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, sister of Jawaharlal Nehru.  |
| 5. In a Test match, India lost four wickets without scoring a single run. When was this?       | 6. The kiwi, found in New Zealand.                    |
| 6. A bird has no wings at all, unlike other birds. Which?                                      | 5. 1952 - first Test against England.                 |
| 7. An Indian leader became the first woman President of the U.N. General Assembly. Who was it? | 4. The Democratic Party and the Republican Party.     |
| 8. Who was the first one to score 1,000 goals in football?                                     | 3. In the little Rann of Kutch, Gujarat.              |
| 9. In South India, which was the capital of the Chola dynasty?                                 | 2. Burma - now known as Myanmar.                      |
| 10. What is the name given to the god of Fire in Indian mythology?                             | 1. In B.C. 261, after the Kalinga war.                |





## Hare-breadth Escape

**T**he animals in a forest once decided to raise a farm in a clearing. A hare and a tiger also went to help the other animals. The little hare soon tired himself out. The hot sun was too much for him. He started perspiring.

When the hare realised that he could not continue working on the farm for long, he posed as if a thorn had pricked his foot, retired from work, and went and sat at a distance. A little later, he sneaked out without attracting the attention of other animals.

He went near a well in a garden deep inside the forest. The well was surrounded by trees that provided a lot of shade all over. It had a rope tied to it with a bucket at either end. One bucket was in the well; the other rested on the parapet wall. He thought he would get inside the bucket and rest for a while. Nobody

would notice him. He jumped into it. But he jumped with such force that it slipped from the wall and fell into the well. Because of his weight, the bucket went down and down, and rested on the water, while the other bucket went up and up, and remained near the pulley. The hare thought and thought: how would he rescue himself from the well? He could not think of a way out.

It was not as if nobody was watching the movements of the hare. The tiger had seen him limping away from the farm. He guessed that the hare was trying to escape from work. And unnoticed by other animals, he too left the farm and followed the hare; and soon he saw the hare falling into the well.

The tiger went up to the well and peeped inside. The hare thought he would now devise a method by which he could come out of the well – of

course, with the help of the tiger.

"Hey! Hare!" said the tiger from above the well. "What're you doing there? Are you digging something?"

"Uncle! There's plenty of fish here!" replied the hare. "Come down, we both can catch quite a few and eat them to our heart's content." The hare prompted the tiger.

The voice of the hare came echoing from inside the well. The tiger thought he heard the hare saying that the well was full of fish. He did not think twice before he grabbed the bucket and slid down the rope into the well. The bucket went and rested on the water, while the other bucket with the hare crouching inside, went up and up.

The hare tried a long jump and was, in a trice, out of the well. "Uncle Tiger! Don't be in a hurry," the hare shouted into the well. "Take your own time and come out after you've eaten

all the fish!" He then sprinted away.

On the way he crossed the path of a ferocious lion, who appeared to be not aware of the animals busy on their farm. The hare, however, did not disclose it to the lion. He turned around and ran towards the well. But the lion leaped behind him and caught hold of him. Staring into his eyes, he asked the timid hare, "Why are you running away from me?"

"I was not running away, grand uncle!" said the clever hare. "In fact, I was coming in search of you to tell you that Uncle Tiger is having a jolly good time eating all the fish in the well."

"Fish?" said the lion unbelievably. "Fish in a well? And the tiger has gone into the well to eat the fish? He's a fool! But, tell me, where's the well?"

"Here! Come along with me," said the hare and led the way.



As soon as they reached the well, the lion stepped on to the parapet wall to take a good look at the tiger. As he peeped, he lost his balance. He caught hold of the bucket, thinking that he could lean on to it till he turned round and jumped out of the well. As luck would have it, the bucket could not take his weight. The lion began sliding down.

The tiger who had not left his hold on to the other bucket now rose and went up but only half way when he

saw the lion hanging from the other bucket. This was the sight that the hare saw as he scampered out of the place.

What happened to the lion and the tiger? Did they manage to escape? Or did they drown in the well?

*(Imagine a sequel to this story and write it down on plain paper – two pages only – and send it to us. The most imaginative piece will be published. Write on the envelope: STORY SEQUEL)*

## Readers Write

*Chandamama* is a great magazine for healthy entertainment. My mother brings it every month for me to learn about so many things. The magazine improves our knowledge. I learn so many new words from your magazine. I like folk stories, ancient stories like Vikram and the vampire, and Forts of India.

- D. Deepthi Nagaraj,  
Hyderabad - 8

I like Panchatantra, Forts of India, and the new story Sindbad. I request you to add more things about sports.

- Vikas Pandey, Kanpur

I regret to say that your book has more stories and less G.K. I request you to publish more G.K. items.

- S.N. Chavan, Ausa,  
Maharashtra

I appreciate the folk stories very much. I also like the pull-out "Forts of India". It is very interesting. I hope this publication will be popular not only in India, but in all English-speaking countries.

- Rajesh Ranjan Samal,  
Pithapur, Orissa

I enjoy reading 'Leaves from the Lives of the Great'. I request you to publish stories about Akbar and Birbal, and Harishchandra.

- Sunil Srinivasan,  
Bombay-71

It gives me a great sense of pride when I see stories by youngsters being published in our beloved magazine.

- Kum. Pruthvi V., Bellary





**Rajesh Kumar Patel, Bhojpur, asks : *When and where was iron manufactured in the world for the first time?***

Iron is not something that is *manufactured*. It is one of many metals found in the earth in the form of ore, and it is mined. In the manufacturing process, when iron is purified, steel is produced.

**Senapati Brothers, Padampur, Orissa, wish to know : *What made the painting "Mona Lisa" famous, who painted it, when, and where it is kept now.***

"Mona Lisa" is considered the most famous painting by Leonardo da Vinci, done between 1503 and 1506. It portrays the wife of Francesco del Gioconda, an official of Florence, in Italy. The original name of the painting was "La Gioconda". It is kept in the Louvre Museum in France. It became famous for the enigmatic smile of the woman. It is said that the lady was, at that time, mourning the loss of her child.

***What is a 'supernova'?* asks Pabitra Ku. Dash of Bargaon, Orissa.**

'Nova' is a star showing a sudden and great increase in light and energy which soon subsides. People at one time thought that novas (novea) are new stars, which they are not. A 'supernova' is believed to attain the brightness equivalent to 100 million suns or more – but only temporarily. It may shine brilliantly for a few days or weeks.

***Who first discovered magnet?* G. Sunayana (11) contributes an answer :**

In circa 600 B.C., a Greek called Thales found a rock which attracted iron to it. He named this rock 'magnetes', after the town of Magnes where it was found.

Say "Hello" to text books and friends  
'Cause School days are here again  
Have a great year and all the best  
From Wobbit, Coon and the rest!





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the world around you.

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great year in school. And remember to tell us  
what you've learnt everyday, when you  
come home from school !



**H A N D A M A M A**  
**O L L E C T I O N**

# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



A. Seethadevi



A. Seethadevi

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? You may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by the 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for June '95 goes to :-

**S. Chandrasekhar,**

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The winning entry : "FETCHING", "DRENCHING"

## PICKS FROM THE WISE

Real weakness is not outward, but internal.

- Mahatma Gandhi

Compliments are only lies in court clothes.

- Sterling

Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

# Bole mere Lipps Stories

## TALE OF SHOR SORE NEIGHBOURS



SA RAY GAMA  
PAA DHAAA  
NEEEE..

SUDDENLY A STRANGE SOUND BREAKS THE GREAT MUSICIAN, USTAAD SHOR PRASAD'S CONCENTRATION..



IT'S HIS OLD IRRITATING NEIGHBOUR,  
SARDAR CHIPPAN SINGH



SILENCE! DON'T DISTURB  
MY SADHANAI



CHUPP OYE! DON'T  
DISTURB MY  
UNCLE CHIPPS TIME!



HOW  
DARE YOU  
INSULT ME!

OYE, DON'T MIND PAPPE! KHAO  
UNCLE CHIPPS. GAO GEETI



SCRUNCH! BOLE MERE LIPPS  
I LOVE UNCLE CHIPPS!



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